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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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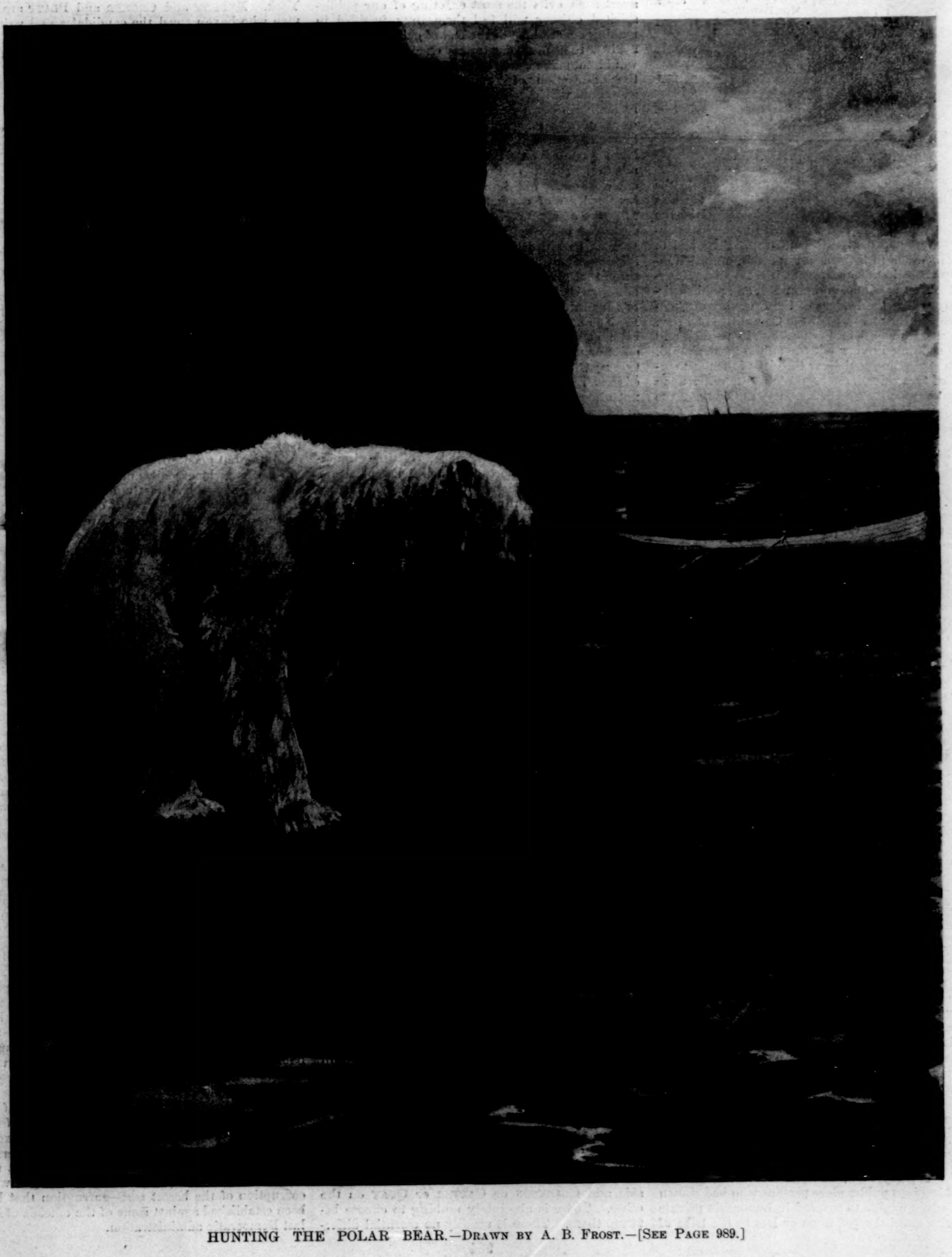

HUNTING THE POLAR BEAR.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 989.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, October 19, 1895.

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AGAINST TAMMANY.

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the miseries of the political situation in the city of New York, as they have been developed by the mixing of national and State with municipal politics, than the steps the Committee of Fifty had to take in order to bring about a union of anti-Tammany voters in the struggle against that old robber-nest. That patriotic, high-minded, and public-spirited men like the leaders of the Chamber of Commerce and the members of the Committee of Fifty, who are above all selfish pursuits in politics, and have nothing in view but the public good, should, when struggling to deliver the city of the most corrupt of tyrannies, have been obliged to enter upon formal negotiations with Mr. Thomas C. Platt, the head of a machine no less disreputable and dangerous than Tammany itself, and that it should have depended upon Mr. Platt's pleasure whether a union capable of making head against Tammany could be effected, is a disgrace to the citizenship of this great metropolis, and must have imposed sore trials upon the self-respect of the honorable gentlemen who undertook the task. And yet, looking over the whole ground, it is difficult to see how, under existing circumstances, it could have been avoided, unless the good citizens of New York were content to permit Tammany to recover a part of its prestige and power, and thus to prepare the way for recovering the whole of it.

But this question whether it would be for the public interest, or politically wise, to give Tammany such a chance of recovery, is the decisive one as to the duty of the citizen in this case. While we fully appreciate the scruples of those of our friends who stick severely to the non-partisan principle in municipal government and deprecate all arrangements with party organizations as to fusion tickets, we cannot disregard two facts: that even now we are gradually moving forward in the direction of that ideal, and that repeated defeats and the gradual disintegration of Tammany Hall will powerfully aid that onward movement.

The fusion ticket accepted by the Committee of Fifty is certainly not in every part what we may desire. But it is, after all, far better than what could have been expected to issue from a negotiation with the Platt machine. Take, for instance, the two nominations of Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Beaman for Justices of the Supreme Court. Both were nominated as Republicans. But they are Republicans of the best type, standing above selfish partisanship. Mr. Isaacs was one of the candidates of the Good Government Clubs. And as to Mr. Beaman, the people of New York have not had an opportunity of voting for so ideal a candidate for many a year. Who will pretend that the Platt machine would have countenanced men of this stamp had it not been under the moral influence of the Chamber of Commerce, the Committee of Fifty, and the Good Government Clubs? Mr. Allison, the nominee for a judgeship of the Court of General Sessions, is also admitted on all hands to be an uncommonly fit man for the place. Mr. Keating, the candidate for the Registership, has but little of a political record, but that little is creditable to him. Moreover, we have constantly been finding fault with the party organizations because they were thrusting into public place persons who had shown themselves unable to succeed in honorable private pursuits, and belonged more or less to the tribe of "dead-beats." But Mr. Keating has achieved and holds a very respectable position in the business world, and is by no means obliged to look to public employment for a living. Thus, while the ticket as a whole may fall short of the highest desirable standard, yet it contains the names of exceptionally excellent men, and is decidedly above the level of the Kerwins and Murrays, who, without the interference of the champions of good government, would have been the favorites of the machine, and who were dropped because the machine leaders did not dare to bring them forward against the moral current of the time. These are symptoms of an advance in the right direction that should not be undervalued.

In the second place, a defeat of Tammany Hall now, following that of last year, will mark an advance equally, if not more important. The continued existence of Tammany Hall as a power threatens the city with the direst of evils. To avert such evils the most exacting of our public-spirited citizens will feel themselves justified in making concessions to the end of gaining strength against that most dangerous enemy, which they would not make were the danger less great. With the destruction of Tammany Hall our public standards will certainly rise, and be more strictly maintained. To destroy Tammany is not the work of one campaign; it requires a series of blows, each of which, if successful, makes the following one easier. But there must be no intermission. It is a great mistake to say that the present election is not important because the offices involved are of comparatively little consequence. They are of great consequence. Tammany can be destroyed only by withdrawing the provender. It must be killed by starving it. And therefore it is important to drive Tammany out of every position that gives it plunder to distribute among its mercenaries. How it uses that plunder is strikingly illustrated by the recent investigation of the Register's office. Who will pretend that it is of little consequence whether Tammany holds that office or not? The same applies to the office of the County Clerk. Whenever such a position is wrested from Tammany's grasp, even if it falls into hands not altogether desirable, Tammany loses so much of its vital force, and the cause of good government is the gainer. Every clear-headed man will therefore admit that, if he wishes to further the attainment of that end, he will, under existing circumstances, have to support the fusion ticket, whatever otherwise his objections to it may be. Tammany Hall must be fought as long as it fights.

SIGNS OF PROMISE.

Not only to those who are determined to find what is good and hopeful in American politics, but to the man who is an impartial and judicious investigator, there is a good deal that is promising in the political campaigns that are in progress in various States of the Union. It is true that darkness still reigns, but it is also true that there are signs of coming dawn. It is true, with hardly an exception, that corruption disgraces the municipal governments of the country, but it is also true that valiant struggles are being made to persuade virtuous and indolent majorities to take charge of their own, and to drive out vicious and corrupt, but astute and energetic minorities. Moreover, some of these struggles have been at least partially successful, and it is to be hoped and expected that these partial successes will be followed up, and that the movements for rational and decent city government will not be abandoned until it shall be the rule instead of the exception.

It is not only in municipal politics that healthful movements are beginning to stir the surface, and to indicate that there are disturbances in the usually placid depths of boss-ruled organizations. There is evidence that everywhere the American voter is waking up to the fact that he has been a poor dupe of unworthy men, who have managed his government, and sometimes even administered his justice, not for the benefit of the community, but for the profit of certain persons who have acted as if the government was their own—the modern theory which obtains even in the realm of the Kaiser, that so-called rulers are not rulers at all, but public servants, being strangely reversed in this republic.

We are in the era of the "bosses," but there is reason to think that we are at the beginning of the end of a miserable period, which has given the enemies of the republican form of government the opportunity to point a moral and to seem to verify their argument. Both parties are under the rule of the "boss." It is Gorman or Brice on the one side, and Clarkson or Carter or Quay on the other. There is absolutely nothing to choose between them. There is usually no essential difference between the political beliefs of "bosses," because most of them have no political beliefs. Each rascal is likely to take the complexion of the party that is most of the time in the majority in the State or the community in which he moves and operates and has his bank account. There have always been such figures, both in countries which the people govern and in those which are ruled over by crowned heads. They buy power and wealth of kings by doing what the kings are ashamed to do themselves, and they attain their ends in republics by bribery, by demagogic arts, and by flat swindling. They are among the meanest creatures in the world. They are closely related to the criminal classes, because they prey upon society, but they are sharper than professional criminals because they keep out of the clutches of the law.

Among the various party conventions that have been held this year, the "bosses" have ruled both the Republican and Democratic parties in New York. Murphy and Croker and Platt are the men who have named the candidates and written the platforms in the most populous and the richest State in the Union. Quay has performed this task for the Republicans of Pennsylvania, Gorman for the Democrats of Maryland, Brice for the Democrats of Ohio, and Foraker for the Republicans of the same State. In Massachusetts there are no "bosses," unless the State committees may be called councils of "bosses." In Kentucky there is a purer democracy in the management of political parties than in any other State in the Union.

From the supremacy of the "boss" in the year's conventions it would seem as though no advance had been made, but before reaching this conclusion we ought to inquire as to the reception which the work of the "bosses" has met with from fellow-partisans, and it is in such an inquiry that we find signs of promise and substantial reasons for encouragement. The American voter has learned that there is much virtue in independence, and that the "boss" is easily overturned if he offends against the conscience of the country so far as to arouse that conscience and induce its possessors to express their sentiments at the polls. He has learned from recent experiences that it is possible to overthrow regular party nominations by independent voting. He has found out that he may have good government if he fights for it, and he has realized with great bitterness of spirit that he has anything but good government now; that his laws are used for blackmail, and that his methods of government are behind the age because his law-making servants are ignorant of the art they profess, or indifferent to the welfare of the community and to the place it holds among modern states. Therefore he is waking up to a desire for better government, for wiser laws, for a purer administration of justice.

This year there is a revolt in the Democratic party of New York against machine management. It does not go far enough, for it is not a rebellion against the "bosses" of the State. However, the State Democracy in New York and the Shepard Democrats in Brooklyn have committed themselves to the principle that no man is bound to vote for the bad candidates for municipal offices that his party may see fit to nominate. This is a great advance. It is an advance over the avowed position held by nearly every active partisan only two years ago.

In Maryland there is a revolt against Gorman. It is not an organized revolt, but it is nevertheless strong, and it is threatening the Democratic party with defeat. It is a revolt against all that is most degrading in American politics; and not only the welfare of Maryland, but the welfare of the country, and especially of the Democratic party of the nation, will be promoted by the defeat of Gorman's ticket. Before 1893 no considerable body of Maryland Democrats would have thought of rebelling against the regular ticket of their party. The same may be said of the Democrats of Kentucky, who are now threatening to defeat their regularly nominated candidate for Governor because he is a free-silver man and has been advocating his pet heresy, although he was nominated on a sound-money platform. It is true that this is not a revolt against a "boss," but it is a revolt in consequence of a bad habit which has grown up in party politics—the habit of nominating bad men on good platforms, a habit that is essentially insulting to the voters who are asked to support such nominations.

In Massachusetts and in New Jersey each party has found it wise to nominate for the head of its ticket the best man it could find. This was a foregone conclusion in Massachusetts, but the excellent nominations that were made in New Jersey were compelled by public indignation against the "bosses" of the two parties, who are charged with corruption of the basest sort—corruption that has been established against some of the officials of the last Democratic administration.

Pennsylvania and Ohio are the only States which hold elections this year in which reform is absolutely necessary, in which the "bosses" rule both parties, in which politics has sunk to the lowest depths, but in which there seems to be no movement for good government, no revolt against the vicious methods that make Harrisburg and Columbus two of the most disgraceful of State capitals. With these exceptions the desire for better government is manifesting itself everywhere, in State as well as in municipal affairs. It was inevitable perhaps for the rule of party to breed "boss" rule, and for "boss" rule to be corrupt, but it is a logical expectation that "boss" rule must bring about a revolt against its own excesses, which in turn must eventually result in weakening the influence of party, except as a party may represent principle. It is clear that such a revolt has begun in some of the States where the evils of "boss" rule are most flagrant, and it ought to be the task of all good citizens to fan the flames until the logical expectation shall be realized—an end that is being greatly facilitated by Mr. CLEVELAND's destruction of available spoils through the extension of the civil service rules.

IGNORANT JINGOES.

OUR American jingoes continue to be reticent as to the claim of our missionaries that war on China should be threatened on their account, and there is apparently no reason for this except that such jingoism would necessarily imply a readiness to make an alliance with Great Britain in behalf of the ministers of the Christian religion. All the battle-cry that has emanated from our warrior class during the last few weeks has been uttered for the benefit of the Cuban insurgents. No one in America ought to object to Cuba's gaining her freedom from Spain, provided she can do so. The yoke of Spain has not rested lightly on Cuba. Taxes are heavy, and in former years a good deal of the money raised in the island went to the enrichment of the Spanish monarchy and of favorite Spanish noblemen. Since that day reforms have been granted, and Cuba has legislators of its own. Still, there is much complaint of Spanish tyranny; but whether the present revolt is an uprising for good government or not will depend, if it succeed, on the character of the men who come to the front. The experience of Spanish-American countries with revolts is not such as to warrant the prediction that a successful uprising for freedom will necessarily be followed by a government better than that which it shall replace. But whether what are called the "Cuban patriots" will rule the island better than the Spanish Queen-Regent is a question for Cubans.

In the mean time, while the present insurgents are trying to demonstrate that they represent Cuba, and that they are able to win independence for Cuba, our American jingoes are insisting that the United States shall recognize them as belligerents. But the United States cannot recognize them as belligerents unless they come within the definition of belligerency.

As President GRANT said in a message to Congress: "The question of according or withholding rights of belligerency must be judged in every case in view of the particular attending facts.... This conflict must be one which will be recognized in the sense of international law as war. Belligerency, too, is a fact. The mere existence of contending armed bodies and their occasional conflicts do not constitute war in the sense referred to."

Belligerency, then, must be a fact. President GRANT did not make a new rule of international law when he wrote his message. On the contrary, he simply recognized a rule that had been laid down over and over again by writers on the subject. The fact must be that a conflict which satisfies the definition of war shall exist. Does such a war exist in Cuba? Before attempting to answer this question, our jingoes ought to recall our own experiences in the war of secession, when Great Britain issued her proclamation of neutrality, thereby recognizing the Confederates as belligerents. The people of the North regarded this as an unfriendly act, and were very angry about it. Mr. SEWARD protested against it, and also against the recognition of belligerency by France. And yet at that time the Confederate States had an organized government, and had maintained armies in the field, while Mr. LINCOLN had undertaken to establish a blockade eleven days before the Queen's proclamation was issued.

The Cubans have no government. It is not yet known that they have an effective fighting force in the field, and WOOLSEY lays down the rule that the true time for issuing a declaration recognizing belligerency is "when a revolt has its organized government prepared . . . . for war on either element or on both." In DANA'S WHEATON it is said that among the tests to determine whether an outbreak is to be treated as a mere insurrection or as a war are "the existence of a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient in character, population, and resources to constitute itself a state among nations, reasonably capable of discharging the duties of a state; the actual employment of military forces on each side, acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war, such as the use of flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners, and the treatment of captured insurgents by the parent state as prisoners of war."

Do the conditions obtaining in Cuba satisfy any of the requirements here laid down? Moreover, a power does not recognize belligerency merely for the comfort of the insurgents. The recognition is mainly for the convenience of the government which issues the proclamation, and for the safety and protection of its own citizens who may have business relations in the country in which the disturbance exists. Where a state of war is recognized it must be carried on under the rules that govern civilized warfare, and the rights of neutrals must be regarded and their duties performed. In a large measure, too, the recognition of belligerency enures to the benefit of the power against which the revolt is directed, for it relieves it from responsibility to foreign powers for the acts of insurgents, who, if war were not recognized, would continue to be regarded as citizens of that power.

If belligerency is not a fact when it is "recognized," the recognition is an unfriendly act for the purpose of giving the insurgents a moral support. In this case recognition by this government would be taking sides without reason against Spain, with whom our relations are supposed to be friendly. It is probable, however, that nine-tenths of the jingoes are ignorant as to what belligerency is or what its recognition signifies.

A TYPICAL MUNICIPAL MOVEMENT.

THE nomination of Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD for Mayor of Brooklyn, New York, by an independent Democratic organization is the result of a movement in municipal politics that has a national importance, because it is a type of what can and must be done in every great city in the Union that has fallen under the control of a political party ruled by a "boss." Three years ago Brooklyn was helpless in the hands of a machine, the motive power of which was the spoils and plunder of office and the gains of jobbery and corruption. The Democratic majority was large, and considered "safe" under all probable conditions. Revolt against the rule of the machine had been suppressed by various means, and the corruption, incompetency, and indecency of the city government were notorious and scandalous.

At that time a few citizens, Democrats in national politics, organized under the title of "The Democratic Party in Kings County." Their standard of city administration was the impartial and faithful pursuit of the general good, and absolute non-partisanship in all the minor offices through the civil service reform system. Their standard of party action was support for fit and opposition at all hazards to unfit candidates. They also resolved to exclude all office-holders from conventions and committees. Of this organization Mr. SHEPARD was the leader. At the first primary meeting in his ward four votes were cast. A year later the organization defeated the machine candidate for Mayor and elected Mr. SCHIEREN, the Republican candidate. This year an effort was made by the more sober men in the regular organization to effect a union with the independents. The terms of the latter were very simple. They asked for candidates fit in character and ability, and who had given substantial proof of opposition to the old, arbitrary, corrupt, undemocratic machine system. These terms were refused, and the independents have named Mr. SHEPARD for Mayor, and made other city and county nominations.

It is not likely that Mr. SHEPARD will be elected, though it is not impossible. But the machine will surely be beaten. The "boss" will receive what will almost surely be a *coup de grâce*. The majority party in the city will be taught that they can rule Brooklyn only if they will accept the standard of the independents. The people generally will have a splendid object-lesson in civic virtue and courage, and a great city of a million of inhabitants will be advanced toward the attainment of a government suited to its needs and adequate to its vast and varied interests.

THE WORK OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

IN his notes on the work done during its short summer cruise by the North Atlantic Squadron, which will be found on another page, Mr. ZOGBAUM does full justice to the officers and men of the service. The WEEKLY has always admired the zeal and ability of the *personnel* of the navy, and has taken every opportunity to express that admiration, so that it is a pleasure at this time to present to our readers this exposition of the fact that, so far as officers and men were concerned, the summer cruise of Admiral BUNCE's fleet was not one of festivity.

It may be taken for granted that the command did all the work that it was capable of while it was making its tour along the Atlantic seaboard. The fleet was far from being that which was promised, but officers and men were kept busily at work, and the fact that the ships were in the vicinity of fashionable summer watering-places did not lighten the duties nor decrease the number of drills. On the contrary, the professional labors of the officers were immensely increased by the hordes of visitors who inspected the ships in the various ports which they were compelled to enter in order to carry out the programme that had been arranged in Washington.

The Secretary himself ought to have learned a good deal about the service of which he is the head. He was certainly in the company of some of the ablest officers of the navy, and they are men who would not hesitate to express their opinions and to point out evils with the traditional frankness of sailors. He ought to have heard a good deal about the discontent which has developed among the enlisted men of the service during his administration, in consequence of a certain well-discussed order about rations, and he must have been told that his order about retaining only one month's pay of enlisted men has been a stimulant to desertion. He may not have heard of these evils, but we assume that he has, because they form the topic of general conversation wherever naval men are gathered together.

It is to be hoped that the Secretary's observations, and the information which he must have received, will lead him to take better advice than has thus far guided him in his management of the navy. He has under him officers whose ability and industry are not excelled in any navy in the world, and contact with them must have increased his respect for them and his confidence in the soundness of their judgment.

PARIS AND THE COMET.

ACCORDING to recent European advices, Paris is in a state of pleasing anxiety over the present whereabouts and future movements of FAYE's comet, a species of celestial tramp which has several times shown a strong inclination to pay a visit to the earth and place itself in contact with some of our best people. M. FLAMMARION, who is not only a distinguished astronomer, but a delightful romancer, has pointed out in his *La Fin du Monde* certain phenomena which may be confidently reckoned upon as prophetic of an impending collision between the earth and one of the heavenly bodies. One of these conditions, an abnormal degree of heat and dryness, has been noticeably present in the weather of the past month, and the Parisians are thinking seriously of restoring to the litany the ancient prayer for protection against the Devil, the Turk, and the Comet, a famous trio of mediæval perils which it was generally supposed had long since been superannuated and forgotten.

M. FLAMMARION's deductions on the probable effect of a collision are extremely ingenious and horrifying, and it seems that there are several distinct methods in which the problem of annihilation may be worked out, depending upon the various conditions at the moment of impact. The subject is a fascinating one, and as a stimulant to the imagination it has completely superseded green tea, cigarettes, the daily visit to the Morgue, and even the literary school of M. MALLARMÉ. In the salon and upon the boulevard one hears nothing but the comet, the comet. Evidently its fortune has been made, it has been taken up, it is the lion of the hour.

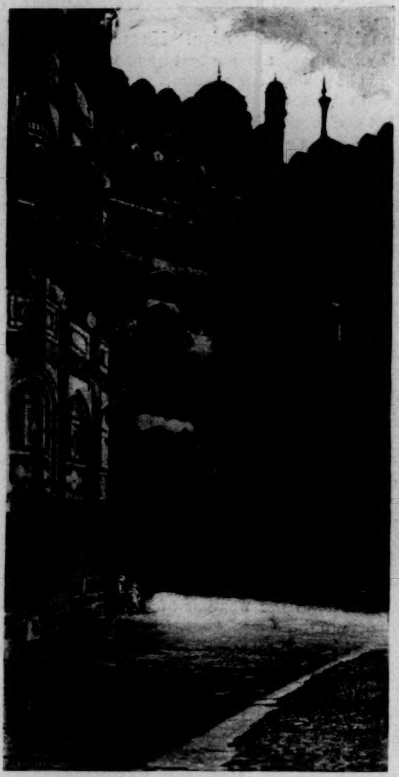
It is barely possible that the present excitement may be due to the fact that the advertising bureau of the exposition of 1900 has begun active work. Delays are dangerous, as was instanced only a few days ago in the reported arrival of the American sea-serpent just too late to save the hotel business of the Jersey coast. The Frenchmen have evidently taken warning by this mortifying occurrence; they have begun well and boldly, and that is half the battle.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE RIOTS.

THE disturbances at Constantinople are the inevitable result of the course taken by the Turkish government in delaying reform. The governments of England, France, and Russia also come in for a share of the responsibility. It has been well known for a long time that the Armenian revolutionists were purchasing arms and planning for a demonstration that should convince the world of their determination to carry their point, if not by peace, then by open revolution. So also there has been an increasingly bitter feeling on the part of the more bigoted Moslems, including the softas, or students connected with the various mosque schools. They are always a turbulent class, and more than once have carried terror to every part of the city.

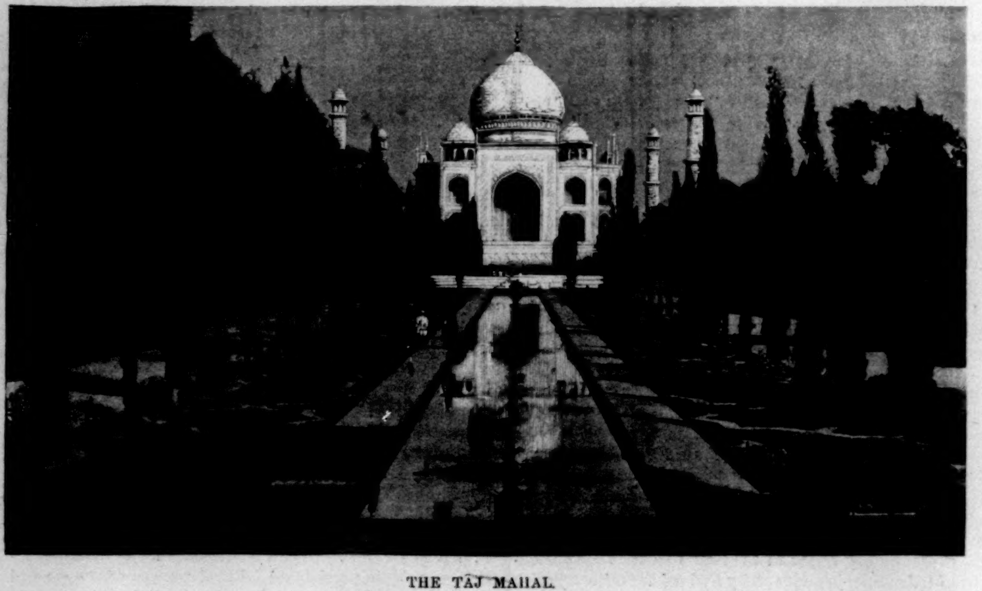
The occasion for the riot was simple enough. The right of appeal has always been recognized in Turkey, so also the right of procession to the Porte or palace as the petitioners might choose. In this case the error, if not crime, of the Armenians was in going armed. That was against all law and order, and their Patriarch, who throughout has borne himself most nobly, was perfectly justified in refusing to accompany them. So also the police were right in ordering them to disperse. There, however, right ceased, and the wholesale attack upon the Armenians finds no justification. Of this there is significant proof in the request, virtually a demand, of the British ambassador for a general amnesty and discharge of those who have been arrested. Were it only the police and military that the Armenians had to deal with, quiet might easily be restored. The shedding of Christian blood has apparently stirred the Moslems to frenzy. Not merely have the softas run amuck through the streets and bazars, but Moslem laborers of the lower class have been stirred to deeds of violence. One fight occurred in the very quarter where the English ambassador lives, and over twenty Christians were killed. It is not surprising that the foreign residents look on with anxiety, even terror.

Fortunately two steps have been taken which promise well. The Sultan has replaced SAID Pasha by KIAMIL Pasha in the office of Grand Vizier, and the European powers, especially England, have been very positive in their demands for decided action by the Turkish government, not merely for the preservation of order, but for the settlement of the whole question of administrative reform. The new Grand Vizier is one of the ablest statesmen in Turkey, perhaps the ablest, and believes thoroughly in peace and just administration for all classes of the Sultan's subjects. He will doubtless do what he can, but the tide of Moslem fanaticism once started is not easily checked, and it will be no surprising thing if the recent riots prove the occasion for the final settlement of the question of Ottoman rule in Europe.

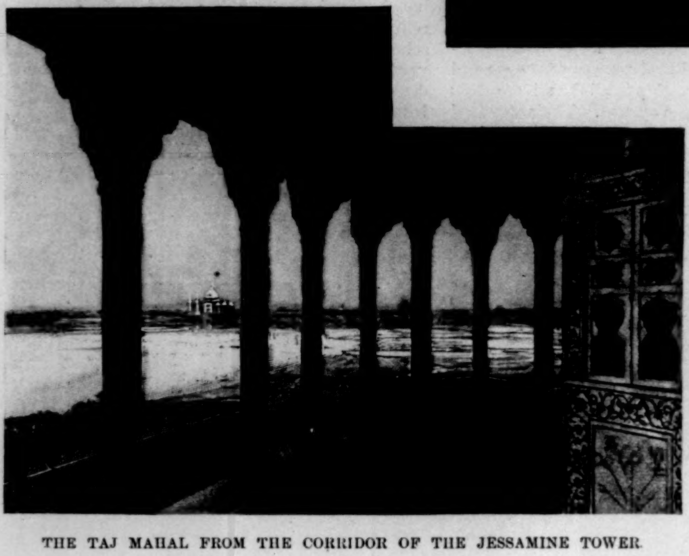


THE "ELEPHANT GATE" TO THE FORT AND PALACE.

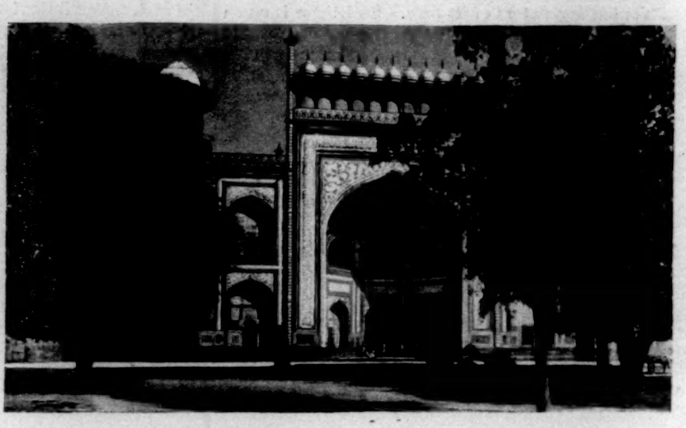
DOMES OF THE PEARL MOSQUE FROM THE TOP OF THE PALACE



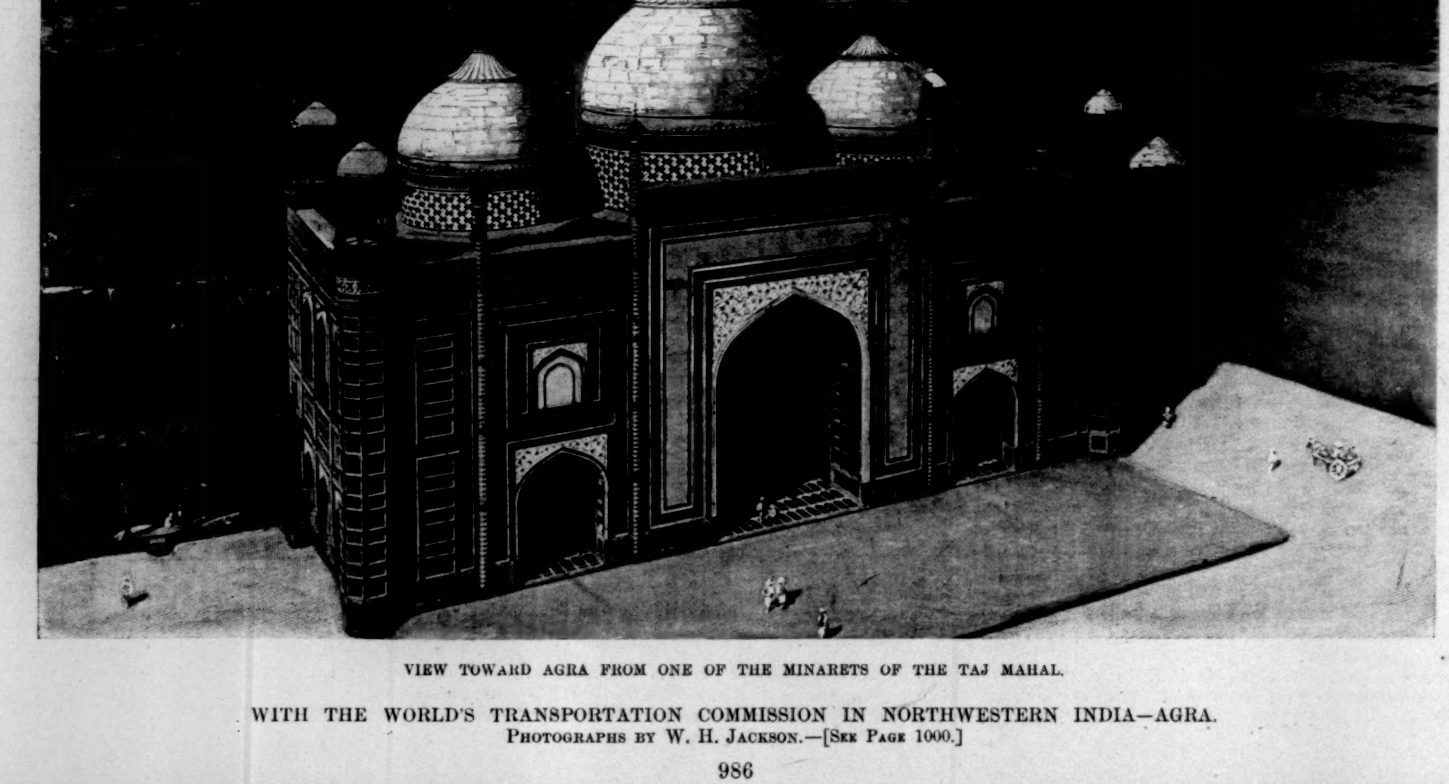
THE TAJ MAHAL.



THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE CORRIDOR OF THE JESSAMINE TOWER.

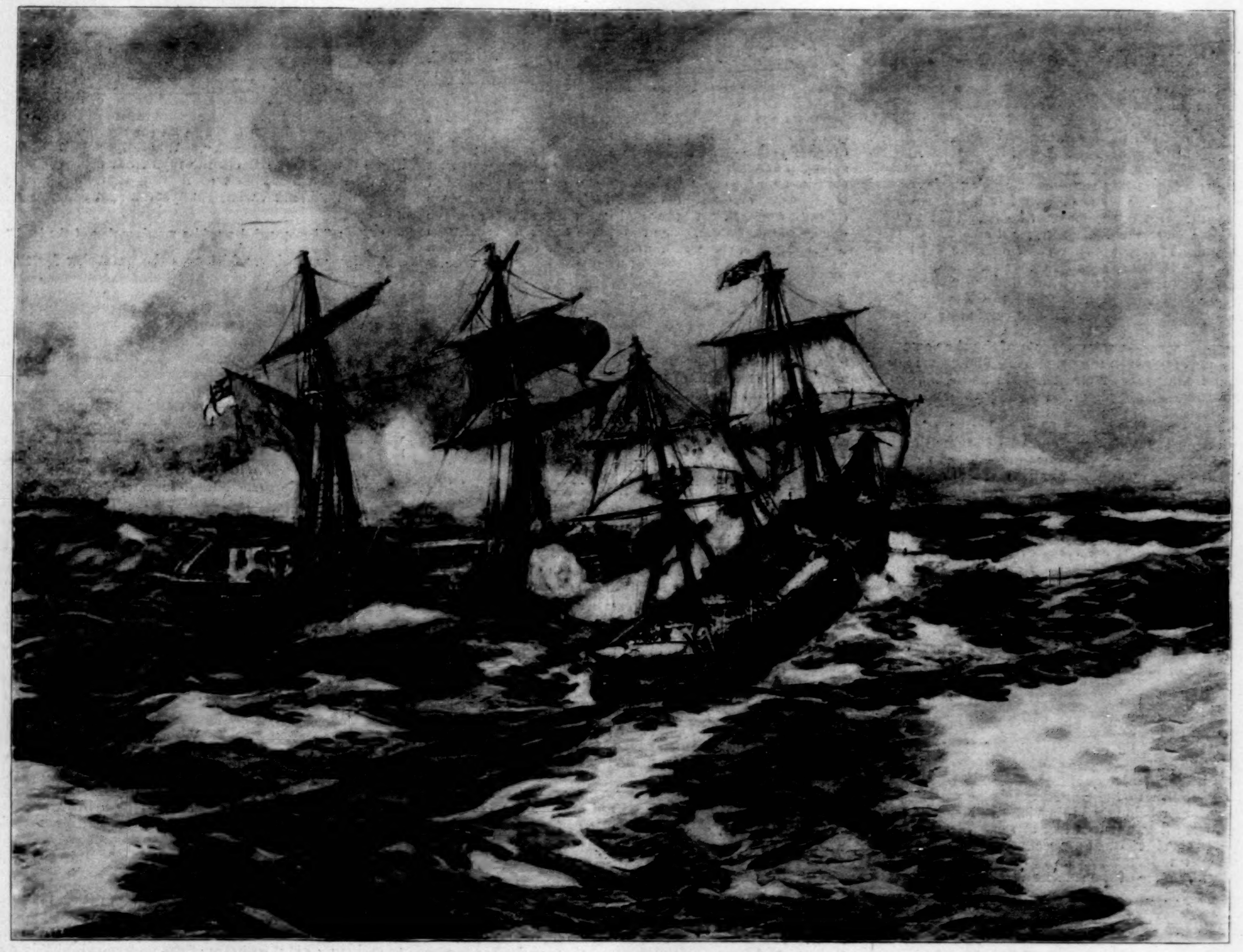


GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN COURT OF THE TAJ MAHAL.



VIEW TOWARD AGRA FROM ONE OF THE MINARETS OF THE TAJ MAHAL.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN NORTHWESTERN INDIA—AGRA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 1000.]



THE "WASP" FELL OFF HER COURSE AND CROSSED HER ENEMY'S BOWS, FIRING AND RAKING HER AT CLOSE RANGE.
FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THE "WASP" AND THE "FROLIC."

BY JAMES BARNES.

JACOB JONES, of the United States Navy, was a native of Kent County, in the State of Delaware. He rose rapidly through the various grades of the service, attracting notice by his steadfastness and attention to duty, and in 1811 he was transferred to the command of the *Wasp*, a tidy sloop of war then mounting eighteen 24-pound carronades. She was a fast sailer, given any wind or weather.

In the spring of 1812 Captain Jones was despatched to England with communications to our minister at the Court of St. James. After fulfilling his mission he immediately set sail for America. The declaration of war between England and this country took place while the *Wasp* was on the high seas on her returning voyage; as soon as he had landed, the news greeted her commander, and he was eager to put to sea again.

Captain Jacob Jones knew his ship, he knew his crew, and he rejoiced in having about him a set of young officers devoted to the service. Their names were James Biddle, George W. Rogers, Benjamin W. Broth, Henry B. Rapp, and Lieutenants Knight and Claxton, and they were soon destined to win laurels and glory for their country.

The first short cruise yielded no adventure of importance, but on the 13th of October the *Wasp* left the Delaware and two days later encountered a heavy gale, during which her jib-boom was unfortunately carried away and two of her people lost overboard. For some hours she was thrown about like a shuttlecock, and all hands were called time and again to shorten sail. The night of the 17th the sky cleared and the stars shone brightly. To Captain Jones's surprise several sail were reported as being close at hand to the eastward. They were easily seen through the night-glass to be large and apparently armed. Jones stood straight for them, and gave orders to lay the same course that the strangers were then holding, and so they kept until dawn of the next day, which was a Sunday.

A heavy sea was running, and the *Wasp*, close-hauled, crept up to windward of the fleet that she had followed through the night. At the beginning of the early morning watch they were made out to be four large ships and two smaller vessels under a spread of canvas, all keeping close together.

But what was more interesting to the eager American crew was a sturdy sloop of war, a brig, that was edging up slowly into the wind, evidently guarding the six fleeing vessels to leeward—the sheep-dog of the flock.

The *Wasp*, having the weather-gage, swung off a point or so to lessen the distance.

As the stranger brig came nearer she heeled over until her broadside could be counted with the eye, and her lower sails were seen to be wet with the spray that dashed up over her bows.

For some time the Americans had been aloft getting down the top-gallant yards, and at eleven o'clock the brig shortened sail and shook out the Spanish flag. But this did not deceive the wary Yankee captain for one-half an instant. No one but an American or an Englishman would carry sail or bring his ship up like that, and the *Wasp's* drummer beat to quarters.

Now for over thirty minutes the two vessels sailed on side by side, but constantly nearing. At last they were so close that the buttons of the officers' coats could be seen. All doubt on board the *Wasp* of the other being anything but English was dispelled in a flash. The matches had been smoking for a full quarter of an hour.

When within near pistol-shot Captain Jones hailed through his trumpet. Down came the colors of Spain and up went the cross of St. George. The distance was scarce sixty yards, and as the flags exchanged the brig let go her broadside. A lucky incident occurred just then that probably saved many lives on board the *Wasp*. A sudden puff of wind heeled the enemy over as she fired, and her shot swept through the upper rigging and riddled the sails. Jones immediately replied with all his guns, that tore and hulled his antagonist with almost every shot, then, as fast as his crew could load and fire, he kept at it. Now and then the muzzles of his little broadside would sweep into the water, but those of the enemy, aimed high, were mangling the rigging and sweeping away braces, blocks, and running gear.

At the end of a hot five minutes there was a sharp crack aloft, and the maintopmast of the *Wasp* swayed and fell, bringing down the maintop-sail yard across the foretop-sail braces and rendering the head-sails unmanageable. Three minutes more and away went the gaff at the jaws, and the mizzen top-gallant sail fluttered to the deck like a huge wounded bird.

The American, slightly in advance, fell off her course and crossed her enemy's bows, firing and raking her at close range most fearfully. At once the fire of the Englishman slackened, and the *Wasp* drifted slowly back to her former position.

Both vessels were jumping so in the seaway that boarding would be attended by mutual danger. The enemy revived from the destructive broadside, fired a few more shots, and the last brace of the *Wasp* fell over her side, leaving the masts unsupported, and, badly wounded as they were, in a most critical condition.

"We must decide this matter at once," said Captain Jones, as he looked at the creaking spars, and he gave orders to wear ship. Slowly his vessel answered, and paying off, the collision followed. With a grinding jar the *Wasp* rubbed along the Englishman's bow, and the jib-boom of the latter, extending clear across the deck immediately over the American commander's head, fouled in the mizzen shrouds. It was not necessary to make her fast, and she lay so fair for raking that Jones gave orders for another broadside.

As the gunners of the *Wasp* threw out their rammers the ends touched the enemy's sides, and two 12-pounders went through the latter's bow-posts and swept the deck's length.

Jack Lange was an able American seaman who had once been impressed into the British service, and the excitement of the moment was too much for his feverish blood. Taking his cutlass in his teeth, he leaped atop a gun and laid hold of the enemy's nettings.

"Come out of that, sir! wait for orders!" roared Captain Jones, who wished to fire again.

But if Jack Lange heard he did not hesitate, and despite the command hauled himself alone over the bows. Some of the men left their guns at this and picked up pikes and boarding-axes.

Lieutenant Biddle glanced at his commander, the latter nodded grimly, and with a spring the lieutenant gained the hammock cloth and reached up for the ropes overhead. The vessels lurched and one of his feet caught in a tangle, from which he vainly tried to free himself.

Little Midshipman Baker, who was too short to make a reach of it, thought he saw his chance, and laying hold of Lieutenant Biddle's coat tails in his eagerness, tried to swarm up his superior's legs. The result was, however, that both fell back on the rail and came within an ace of pitching overboard into the sea. Jumping up quickly, Lieutenant Biddle took advantage of a heave of the *Wasp* and scrambled over the enemy's bowsprit and on to the forecastle.

There stood Jack Lange, with his cutlass in his folded arms, gazing at a wondrous sight. Not a living soul was on the deck but a wounded man at the wheel and three officers huddled near the taffrail. But the colors were still whipping and snapping overhead, and two or three more of the *Wasp's* boarders tumbling on board, the little party, headed by Biddle, made their way aft. Immediately the officers, two of whom were wounded, threw down their swords, and one of them leaned forward and hid his face in his hands.

The young lieutenant jumped into the rigging and hauled down the flag. It was almost beyond belief that such carnage and complete destruction could have taken place in a time so short. But a small proportion of the crew had escaped. The wounded and dying lay everywhere, the berth-deck was crowded, and not enough of the living to minister to their comrades. H.M.S. *Frolic* was a charnel-ship.

The *Wasp's* crew brought on board all their blankets, and the American surgeon's mate was soon busy attending to the wounded.

With great difficulty the two vessels were separated, for the *Frolic* had locked her antagonist as it were in a dying embrace, and no sooner were they clear when both of the prize's masts fell (one bringing down the other), covering the dead and wounded, and hampering all the efforts of Lieutenant Biddle and his crew to clear the decks.

All this time three great white topsails had been pushing up above the horizon, and soon it was made out that a large ship of some kind was bearing down, carrying all the canvas she safely could in the sharp blow.

Jones, thinking that it might be one of the convoy returning to seek the *Frolic*, called his tired crew to quarters, instructing Lieutenant Biddle to fit a jury rig and to make with his charge for some Southern port. It was not to be, however, and the gallant victory was to have a different termination.

The lookout on the foremast called down something that changed the complexion of matters entirely.

"A seventy-four carrying the English flag," he shouted. The men at the *Wasp's* guns put out their matches. There was nothing to do but wait and be taken. Any resistance would be worse than foolish.

As the great battle-ship came bowling along she passed so close that the faces could be seen looking through her three tiers of great open ports. She disdained to hail, fired one gun over the little *Wasp*, and swept on. Captain Jones hauled down his flag, and read the word *Poictiers* under the Britisher's galleries. In a minute or two the latter retook the *Frolic*, and lowering her boats, placed prize crews on board both her and the Yankee sloop. After some repairing she set sail and carried her captives to Bermuda.

As in all the separate engagements of the time comparisons were made between the armaments and crews of the fighters, and the press of Great Britain and America began the customary argument. Probably the *Wasp* had a few more men, but to quote:

"The *Frolic* mounted sixteen 32-pound carronades, four 12-pounders on the main-deck and two 12-pound carronades. She was, therefore, superior to the *Wasp* by exactly four 12-pounders. The number of men on board, as stated by the officers of the *Frolic*, was 110. The number of seamen on the *Wasp* was 102. But it could not be ascertained whether in this 110 were included marines and officers, for the *Wasp* had, besides her 102 seamen, officers and marines, making the whole crew about 135. What, however, is decisive as to their comparative force is that the officers of the *Frolic* acknowledged that they had as many men as they knew what to do with, and, in fact, the *Wasp* could have spared fifteen men....The exact number of killed and wounded on board the *Frolic* could not be determined, but from the observations of our officers and the declarations of those of the *Frolic* the number could not be less than about thirty killed, including two officers, and of the wounded between forty and fifty, the captain and lieutenant being of the number. The *Wasp* had five killed and five slightly wounded."

Captain Jones in his report speaks of the bravery of his officers, the gallantry of his adversary, Captain Whinyates, and makes little mention of himself. Upon his exchange and return to the United States he was received with every honor belonging to a victor. The *Wasp* soon flew the British flag, but was lost at sea. Strange to relate, this was also the fate of the second *Wasp* that was soon afloat in the American service, and that had a career that is surpassed by none of the smaller vessels of the day.

LIFE AND LETTERS

"YOU ought to have seen an old-time closing of this hotel," said the clerk one evening toward the last. He had by this time resumed in his own person almost as many functions as the ancient mariner of the Bab Ballad who had eaten the former survivors of the *Nancy* brig, and claimed to represent them all by virtue of his superior appetite and digestion. Our clerk was now cashier, postmaster, room-clerk, night-clerk, and day-clerk, with moments of bell-boy; he spoke with authority, and we listened with the respect due to his manifold quality.

"The guests," he continued, "would run down toward the end of August to about two hundred. Then notice would be put up in the office, 'The hotel will close to-morrow after breakfast.' The band would be still here, and the bell-boys all on duty; and the night before, all the guests would gather in the office. The band would play, and the talking and laughing would go on all through the evening, like the height of the season, and perhaps there would be a little dancing. Everybody would say good-night, the same as ever, and as soon as breakfast was over in the morning, you would see them streaming away to the train, till there wasn't a soul left in the house but clerks and the help. Then this stair carpet would come down with a run." He pointed to the wide stairway. "The rugs would come up all through the halls; the dining-room would be cleared before you could look, and all the chairs would be on the tables with their legs in the air. The help would come to the desk in a steady file, and get their money and go. Before noon the cleaners would have the whole house to themselves."

I.

We owned that it must have been fine, that it was spectacular and impressive, even dramatic, but in our hearts we felt that there was a finer poetic quality in our closing, which was like one of the slow processes of nature, and emulated the pensive close of summer, when the leaves do not all fall in a night, or the flowers wither or the grass droop in a single day, but the trees slowly drop their crowns through many weeks, and the successive frosts lay a chill touch on a blossom here, and a petal there, and the summer passes in a euthanasy which suffers you to say at no given moment, "The summer is dead," till it has long been dead.

Several aspects of the elementally simple landscape about us seemed peculiarly to sympathize with the quiet passing of the life of the great hotel. There could be no change in the long, irregular, gray sand dunes before it, which dropped themselves in lumpish masses, like the stretched and twisted shape of some vast bisected serpent. The stiff grasses and arid weeds that clothed them thinly like a growth of dreadful green hair kept their rigidity and their color with a sort of terrestrial immortality, or rather of an imperishable lifelessness; but over them fluttered a multitude of butterflies, thick as the leaves of autumn, and of much the same ultimate color, like spirits already released to their palingenesis. Flights of others, of a gay white and yellow, like the innocent souls of little ones, haunted the leaf-plant beds before the hotel, or tried to make friends with the harsh little evergreens surviving the plantations of a more courageous period of the enterprise, and stolidly presenting a wood, at the borders of the plank walks. To the landward the mighty marshes stretched their innumerable acres to the sunrise and the sunset and the northern lights, one wash of pale yellow-green. Before we left, this began to be splashed as with flame or blood by the reddening of that certain small weed which loves the salt of tide-flooded meadows. The hollyhocklike bells of the marsh-roses drooped and fell, but other and gayer flowers, like ox-eye daisies of taller stem, came to replace them; and still, with the rising tide, the larger and the lesser craft that plied upon the many channels of the meadows blew softly back and forth, and seemed to sail upon their undulant grasses.

In all, the large leisure, the serene lapse of nature toward decay, seemed to express a consciousness of the hotel's unhurried dissolution, to wait gently upon it, and to stay in a faithful summer loveliness till the last light should be quenched, of all those that had made it flame like a jewel in the forehead of the sea, and that had faded from veranda and balcony to the glitter of the clustered lamps in the office and dining-room.

II.

There came, indeed, about the middle of September, a sudden rude shock of cold, which seemed to express an impatience with the dying hotel, hitherto unknown to the gently varying moods of nature. The wind blew for a day from the northwest, and stiffened its wasted and flaccid frame until one fancied its teeth chattering, as it were; but even then the sea did not share the harsh sentiment of the inland weather. It lay smiling as serenely as ever, and the fleet of fishing sloops and schooners that began to flock before our beach about the end of August rocked and tilted, like things in a dream, as they had for the last fortnight. It was said that one of them dragged her anchor and came ashore in the night, but this happened in the dark, and we knew of it only by hearsay, after she had been got off and sailed away. A day later they were all there again, and some flew in close to the beach, and skimmed back and forth, as fearless of its ever-shifting sands as the fish-hawks that sailed the deeps of blue air above them.

The water remained as warm as ever; warmer, they said, who tried it in a bath. I did not. The next to the last time I bathed I had for sole companion a literary clergyman, with whom I walked down to the beach discussing the amusing aspects of the Ninth Crusade, which the Venetians so cannily turned aside from the conquest of the Holy Land to the conquest of Constantinople. The New York Dump was unpleasantly evident in the sea that day; and the last time the Dump had the sea all to itself. It is not agreeable to bathe among old brooms, bottles, decayed fruit, trunk lids, vegetable cans, broken boxes, and the other refuse of the ash-barrel, and I came out almost before the life-guard could get ready to throw me a life-preserver.

He was not the gaudy giant of bronze who posed between the life-lines at the height of the bathing-season, when twoscore spectators on the benches provided for them watched a half-dozen men and women weltering in the surf, or popping up and down after the manner of ladies taking a sea-bath. But I dare say he was quite as efficient, and as I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance, I liked him better. I specially liked his pelting about the bathing-pavilion, before he went on duty with me, in his bare legs and feet, and wearing over his bathing-tights a cut-away coat, with a Derby hat, to complete his ceremonial costume.

He was not so much in keeping with the inlander's ideal of bathing-beaches, where summer girls float in the waves or loll upon the sands in the flirtatious poses familiar to the observer of them in *Life* (and the other illustrated papers). To guard these risquée maids from the dangers of the deep the gaudy bronze giant, with his yachting-cap, his black jerseys, his white shoes, and his brown arms folded upon his breast, where they half revealed, half hid his label of Life-Guard, was a far fitter figure. But for the bathers in *Real* Life, I think the guard in the cut-away, Derby, and bare feet was much more to be trusted; he was simple, substantial, and unpretentious; and surf-bathing, let me whisper in the innumerable ear of the inland myriads who have never seen it, is not often the gay frolic they have fancied: rather, it is sober, serious, sloppy.

III.

At first the mental frame of us lingerers in the closing hotel was one of heroic self-applause. We wore a brave and smiling front; we said it was so much nicer than when the house was full, than when there were a thousand or even a hundred in it; and we all declared that we were going to stay as long as the landlord would let us. But from time to time there were defections; one table after another was dismantled; face after face vanished; first a white face, then a black face. I do not think we were so smiling after four of the beach trains were taken off; secretly, I think each of us wondered, What if we should stay till the last train was taken off, and we could not get away! What should we do then?

We have become rather more serious; we do not talk trivially when we talk, and we scarcely talk at all; we have traversed each other's conversable territory so often that there is no longer the hope of discovery in it. We have not only become serious, I have reached the point where I have asked, in thought, if we are not a little absurd. Why should we stay? What is keeping us? The waves of autumn will soon reach the kitchen fires; and then?

Last night, our waiter said he was going on Monday. This morning the newsboy passed through the office on his way to serve the cottagers with the papers. Asked if he was not going to serve the hotel guests, he went on without answering. It may be because he is an officer of a railroad, whose officers reluctantly answer questions; but perhaps he has come to feel a ghostly quality in us, and regards us as so many simulacra incapable of interest in the affairs of living men.

The gas was not lighted in the ballroom after dinner yesterday; the halls gloomed like illimitable caverns late in the gathered dusk.

Shall I be able to stay till Friday? We shall see.

IV.

A most resplendent Sunday is passing. The cold wind of last night has blown the whole world clean of clouds. One has a sense of the globe swinging in depths of translucent ether, stainless through all the reaches of space.

The sea is blue as the sky. Where the sun slants upon it, it quivers and reflects the rays from myriad facets of steel. You cannot look at it long there, but now you begin to understand what Tennyson meant when he called it—

> "The million-spangled sapphire marriage-ring of the land."

All day yesterday, which was the great day for the arriving steamers, they came hurrying in. We counted ten or twelve, each blocking the length of an express train out of the rim of the horizon. To-day there are none: only a few far-off full-sailed ships, and nearer shore the fleet of fishing sloops and schooners, tilting and swaying, and now and then flying in so close to the beach that we can see the men on board, and trailing their small boats through a drift of foamy sea.

There are twenty-three guests in the house now: the house that holds a thousand! Two hunters came down with their guns Friday night, and re-enforced us. After breakfast a gay group gathered on the great midmost stairway of the veranda, and one of the men told them stories and made them laugh. Every one is acquainted now, and speaks freely to every one else. It is rather weird. Should we be so civil if we were normally conditioned?

We have a very good two-o'clock dinner: the cook still remembers it is Sunday. After dinner two of us go down to the bathing-beach, and from the spectators' benches watch a soft-shell crab which has been bathing, and is now lying in the warm sand where the rising tide has flung him. We wait to see it reach him again, and draw him back, but it does not. It seems to me that he is unhappy in the sun, and I take a stick and tilt him into the sea. I do not know whether he likes that either; but he cannot help himself. He could not help himself in the sun.

V.

It is Monday morning now, and the world is wrapt in cold gray clouds, which seem to have meant something unpleasant to the fishing craft, for they have all vanished but two of their bolder sail. It rains a little, and then stops. A wind, heavy with the salt breath of the sea, rises steadily, and bemoans itself in all the angles and projections of the house. The lanterns of the veranda, which have not been lighted for a week, rattle dolefully in the blast. Under them, the long line of rocking-chairs in which a quarter of a mile of ladies used to sit and gossip together, stretches emptily away. The wind pushes against the tall backs of the chairs, and they rock softly to and fro, as if the ghosts of the gossipers invisibly filled them, and still inaudibly babbled on. Where some of the chairs are grouped facing one another, the effect is very creepy, not to say Maeterlinckish. Will they keep up their spectral colloquies all winter?

I escape from this eery sight to my own room, and in the corridor, three uptown blocks away, I behold a small chambermaid balancing herself against a large bucket as she wavers slowly down. It is a tragic touch.

The wind rises, and by mid-afternoon blows half a gale. The sea froths and roars and tumbles on the beach, and far out the serried breakers toss their white-caps against the sky-line, like so many cooks abandoning the hotel kitchen.

About three o'clock, the life-guard of the bathing-beach, having cast his Derby and cut-away, appears with three other men in tights, and pulls in the life-lines and the buoys. Now the Dump will have the ocean for its own.

A stranded boat which lies on the beach to the northward came ashore in the gale last night from some of the fishermen. It is in good condition, and if the trains should stop running before noon to-morrow we can be taken off in it. Eighteen of our number went away this morning; and there are now but four of us left. We could easily get away in that boat.

VI.

The wind rose till nightfall, and then its passion broke in tears. A tempestuous night threatened; but the weather changed its mind as swiftly as a woman, and the day dawned as sweetly and softly this morning as a day of young June. The sea is again a shining level, veiled in a tender mist. Out of this the fishing sail come stealing silently one after another till again a fleet of them is tilting and swaying in front of the hotel. One large, goblin sail, which remained throughout the threats of the weather, looks like the picture of the goblin in the Bab Ballad which tries to frighten the image before the tobacconist's shop.

The gang of Italians who have toiled for three months to hide the infamies of the Dump, burying them in the sand as fast as the sea cast them up, are taking up the plank walks to the bathing-beach. The season is over. The barrel, which formed the outermost buoy, swings monumentally (if monuments can swing) at anchor among the breakers.

At the station the railroad people have become unnaturally amiable. They call me by name; they take a personal interest in getting off my telegrams and express packages. In one of my visits to them, I meet the life-guard in full citizen's dress, with even shoes on. He salutes me, but I have to look twice before I know him.

VII.

A generous contention has arisen between ourselves and the other remaining family as to which shall be last to leave the hotel. They go on the 10.25, and we have outstaid them! We are the last guests in the house. The landlord's Italian greyhound seems instinctively to feel our pathetic distinction. He rushes upon me from far down the veranda, and fawns upon me in a Maeterlinckish manner.

The cook and a last helper of some unknown function carry our trunks to the station. But it has now suddenly become a question whether we shall go on the 12.20 or wait for the 5.20. It depends finally upon our getting a last lunch at the restaurant of the bathing-beach. We ask, limiting our demands to a clam chowder. We are answered that there are still clams, but the man who knows how to make chowder is gone. The restaurant family are going to lunch upon a ham bone, which is now being scraped for them. We refuse to share it with many thanks, and decide to go on the 12.20.

I have paid my last bill.

On the 10th of August a group of liveried menials met me as I alighted from the train, and contended for the honor and profit of carrying my umbrella into the hotel.

On the 17th of September I myself carry a heavy satchel in each hand out through the echoing corridors down the wide veranda stairs to the train, unattended by a single fee-taker.

The hotel is closed. W. D. HOWELLS.

HUNTING THE POLAR BEAR.

"IT was on our first visit to St. Matthew Island in June that we saw our first walrus and bagged our first polar bears," said Captain C. A. Abbey, U.S.R.M., in talking over some hunting episodes of the *Corwin's* memorable cruise for seal-pirates in the Bering Sea in 1886. "St. Matthew Island, in latitude 60° north, longitude 173° west from Greenwich, with Hall Island at its northwest end, is about forty miles long. It lies about northwest and southeast, will average five to seven miles in width, and is of volcanic origin. Its southern point is about 300 miles from St. Paul, and about as far from Bering Strait. It rises to a height of about 3000 feet, with precipitous cliffs, and here and there a shingly beach. The island is barren and without human inhabitants. It has, however, a considerable population, both permanent and transient, in the way of birds, walrus, hair-seals, polar bears, and arctic foxes.

"The morning of July 4th found the *Corwin* forging through a heavy fog amid signs that indicated she was not far from land. At 11.30 the breakers along the base of the cliffs of Cape Upright, the southeastern extremity of St. Matthew, were made upon the starboard bow, and the vessel's course was changed to pass near by the rocks. Upon closing in within a mile or two some reddish-yellow objects were seen upon the distant rocks, and were pronounced by the old hands to be walrus. The ship was instantly stopped, and a boat cleared away for the purpose of securing their ivory. There was great excitement on board at the prospect of hunting, and no lack of volunteers; in fact, everybody wanted to go. The boat was finally despatched with Lieutenants Rhodes and Cantwell, Surgeon Bratton, Pilot Douglas, and a crew of six men, who rowed with a will.

"They were barely out of hailing range when from the *Corwin's* bridge a white object was discovered upon a short beach some half a mile from the walrus. The glass showed it to be a polar bear, which was busily engaged in tearing up and eating a seal. As the attention of the boat's crew could not have been attracted without alarming the bear, they were allowed to proceed. As they came near the walrus the great animals raised their heads, inspected them with interest, and then signified unmistakably the message 'not at home' by floundering into the sea before their would-be visitors got within shooting range. As the returning boat with its discomfited occupants came within easy hail of the ship, they were informed of the vicinity of the bear. Their faces brightened, and turning, they rowed with alacrity towards him, while the *Corwin* followed slowly in the rear.

"When the boat was within three hundred yards of the beach the bear glanced up and discovered it. He instantly ceased feeding and craned his huge head and neck towards the strange object, as if trying to make it out. As it came steadily toward him he seemed uncertain in his mind, and leaving his prey, walked up the beach a little way and again stretched his neck towards the boat, uttering a low growl. Seeing that it still came on he walked down the beach, looked at it again, and finally stood still.

"The eager watchers on the ship, too far away for sounds to reach them, saw through glasses a vivid pantomime. The boat having got within fifty yards of the bear was stopped, and two rifles were seen to cover him. Simultaneously with the puffs of smoke from their muzzles he sprang into the air some six feet, and came down upon his back, evidently hard hit. He was instantly up again, however, and turning, ran down the beach. The boat pushed in near enough to land Lieutenant Cantwell and Surgeon Bratton, who pursued the bear along the rocks. The boat then pulled along parallel with the shore to cut him off further down at a point where the cliffs that hemmed in the beach came abruptly to the water's edge. Cantwell and Bratton were no match for the bear in this go-as-you-please race, nor did they succeed in hitting him as he ran.

"The bear presently came to a small cañon leading into the cliffs. It was filled with snow and very precipitous. With the boat in front of him and two hunters behind, it was his only means of escape, and he started up the snow like a cat up a steeple. Lieutenant Rhodes immediately landed and gave him a shot that struck; but on he went, crimsoning the snow with blood. Cantwell and Bratton now came up, and the three officers stood at the foot of the cañon firing up at the retreating animal. At about two hundred feet elevation from the beach he suddenly stopped, spread himself out like a cat, uncertain which way to go, bit savagely at a wound back of his shoulder, from which his life-blood poured in a stream, shuddered, relaxed his hold, and fell backward, rolling over and over down the snow to the feet of the hunters on the beach. He gave a few spasmodic kicks and then lay quiet and dead.

"By means of the oars the bear was rolled into the boat, and the hunters returned to the ship in high glee over their trophy. The bear was very dirty and bloody after his tremendous roll of two hundred feet down the hill, but by hoisting him up in the fore rigging and turning the hose upon him his beautiful white fur was soon made clean and bright. He had four bullet holes through his body, any one of which would have caused his death in time. His weight was nearly one thousand pounds.

"On the next day the sea made so heavy round the point that a better harbor was sought. One was found some eight miles above, beneath high cliffs over which a beautiful waterfall came down. The ship had hardly dropped anchor when the ever-vigilant quartermaster, searching the shore and the horizon with his glass, called the attention of the officer of the deck to some small moving objects on the rocks beneath the cliffs. Soon a dozen glasses were levelled at them, and amid much excitement the cry was raised,

"'Bears, more bears!'

"On the shore two bears were seen hunting for food along the rocks. Seen with the naked eye they looked like balls of wool, or big white caterpillars crawling against the background of the dark cliffs.

"Instantly all was commotion on board. The orders came fast:

"'Clear away the surf-boat and cutter.' 'Open the armory.' 'Pass up those rifles, and ammunition.'

"The first lieutenant was surrounded by officers and men all eager to join the hunt. Two boats were soon lowered and away, three officers and five men in each, with orders to pull in above and below the bears so as to catch them between the boats. Meantime one bear had disappeared. The remaining one, with slouching, lumbering, but wonderfully active gait, pursued his course along the shore, frequently plunging into the sea and swimming from rock to rock. All the while he was searching diligently, snuffing in every direction for tokens of food.

"Lieutenant Rhodes was in command of the cutter. With him were Lieutenant Cantwell and Surgeon Bratton. This boat, which was directed to the point nearest the bear, was within two hundred yards before he was aware of her approach. He was then upon a rock some four feet above the surface of the water. Behind him were high cliffs rising from the water's edge and too precipitous to climb. His only means of escape was by swimming, in which case he would have to run the gauntlet of the boats. He seemed to take in the situation and stood his ground, growling, with head and neck turned and stretched toward the boat. In this posture he presented a magnificent and terrible spectacle of anger and defiance. His form dilated, his hair rose, and his teeth showed ferociously as he faced the intruders.

"'Pull easy, now, men, and be handy with your oars. Here, take the steering-oar, cockswain,' said Lieutenant Rhodes, as he gave up the helm to the man. 'Now keep her in toward him, but so we can fire from aft.' Then taking his rifle, he got in position beside Cantwell and Bratton, who were holding themselves ready to shoot. When within fifty yards he gave the order:

"'Hold water, and stop her.' 'Now "oars" and all keep quiet.'

"'Now, John, we'll fire first,' said Rhodes to Cantwell. 'If we don't drop him the doctor's sure to, for he never was known to miss. Try for the shoulder. When you're ready, say "Now."'

"The words were not out of his lips when Cantwell gave the word, and both men fired at once.

"Crack! crack! went the rifles. Down went the bear. But he was up again in an instant, and the loud reverberations of the shots among the cliffs mingled with his savage roar as he plunged into the water and made straight for the boat.

"'Now mind your oars well, and stand by with those axes,' shouted Rhodes, as he again took the steering-oar, with which he swept the boat's head around. Doc, stand by and give it to him as he comes. Don't let him get to the boat. We'll have a bad time if he does. Aim at the neck; the head's no use.'

"The doctor pulled down his rifle, sighted quickly, and fired at the advancing bear, hitting him in the neck. This caused the animal to change his intention, and he turned and swam for the shore.

"Again Rhodes swung the boat in pursuit, and as the bear emerged upon another rock the cutter was close at hand.

"'Way enough,' was ordered, and up flew the oars. The rifles cracked again, and with another roar the bear sprang a second time for the cutter. He swam powerfully and at great speed, though his blood was reddening the waters. He evidently had determined to board the craft this time.

"'Stand by with your axes; use boat-hooks and stretchers, anything, but keep him out of the boat,' thundered Rhodes.

"Axes and boat-hooks were raised. But Cantwell was covering the bear with his rifle as he swam, and just as he had almost gained the boat this officer, aiming downward, gave the animal a well-directed bullet in the vertebræ of the neck, which killed him. The bear stopped at once and began to sink; it seemed his slayers would lose him after all, for the water was very deep. As the huge white mass was disappearing in the dark depths the boat-hooks were thrust after it, and by twisting them in his hair and under his fore legs he was caught and hauled to the surface. He was towed to the shore, rolled into the boat, and taken to the ship in triumph."

THE SCHLIERSEE PEASANT ACTORS.

THE drama of American rural life and types has not yet reached a satisfactory standard. Its aim has been humor rather than truth in a picture. Nor has a like theatrical article of the right kind been purveyed in England, France, and numerous other European lands. In Germany and Austria, however, there has existed during many years a distinctive group, almost a school, of dialect plays put together with great knowledge, no small skill, and much refinement, in illustration of humble every-day existence and human nature—especially as met in the Bavarian and Austrian Tyrols. In these latter pieces the changes necessarily are rung on a somewhat limited choice of personages, scenes, and incidents. But the series is of admirable picturesqueness, of ample variety, and of a truth in adjustment that seems to put before the spectator not fiction, but pages of real *Bauernleben*. In these every character, be it the village innkeeper, the *Senner* or *Sennerin* of the Alm, the chamois-hunter, the poacher, the blunt farmer, the village shrew, the hedge-side coquette, is presented as it is.

During many seasons a remarkable series of representations of these Tyrol dramas was current in Munich, at the Gärtnerplatz Theater, and sprang from its patronage. The actors were unique in their sincerity and their skill. This Munich company, practically intact, visited New York some seasons ago, as many will remember. Its performances in repertory were regarded with great interest. It is at present disbanded, and, like the Meiniger classic circle, is only a name and a loss. There have been, however, other troupes whose harmonious and faithful work in the same field has aroused cordial interest in the German-speaking countries of Europe. Of such the Schliersee Peasant Company, now in New York city, is an organization of distinction. It is claimed—and with visible justice—that its membership is not indirectly an evolution from the peasant stock, but immediately and absolutely of peasant folk, little by little drawn into so elaborate a stage career. It is stated that in all its theatrical efforts the whole group is far less sophisticated than might be presumed. Its looks, its work, in fact, bear such a stamp. Neither one is less interesting because the histrionism is less perfect. The ring of the peasant actor, not merely the acted peasant, is heard in every sentence. Self-unconsciousness, by an odd paradox, here can be less a need than in the instance of the actor in general. In the plays these Schliersee people will adhere to during their engagement at the New Metropolitan Opera-house—an unkindly place for such performances, but kindly in the crowded audiences it offers—the familiar assortment of the Munich stage mentioned will be marked: *The Crucifix-Carver of Oberammergau*, *Hunter's Blood*, *Almenraulsch und Edelweiss*, and the like. The average American theatre-goer will find in them a new little world. Naturally the membership of this Schliersee band contains no such ripe and secure artists as are the Münchener—with Hofpauer, Swoboda, Katthi Thaller, Hartl-Mithius, and Amalia Schoenchen. But there is the same natural or acquired sincerity in dealing with Tyrol natures and daily life. The talent is in noticeably even distribution. The company contains no "stars." It hardly emphasizes one man or woman more than another. Its people are indisputably derived from the hamlets of the Tyrols. Hence, in observing a certain angularity and even unpolish in their acting, probably its most truthful element is noted, and not reproved. We have before us the vividness of the valleys and the Alm, the soul of the Austrian Alps, delightful to all who know their chalets and zithers, their loves and hates, their dances and merrymakings, in a word, that general Franz-Defreggerism that characterizes a set of folk yet not spoiled by contact with the cities. None more appreciate the charm of such a situation in so superb a region than themselves, albeit in the drama *Almenraulsch und Edelweiss* we find the painter Reinthaler saying, "Ös Leut' habt's ja koa gar Idee von der Pracht und Herrlichkeit in die Euch der lieb' Gott 'nein-g'setzt hat.... I glaub' net!" E. I. S.

HUMPERDINCK'S "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

THAT a fairy-story, more or less kept as a simple fairy-story, should be honored by a serious and dignified operatic usage is by no means a new amiability in music. Taking the term fairy-story in a liberal sense, masterpieces innumerable have been built on such frame-work, when in the degree of the popular legend, the romance—Oriental, chivalrous, or other—and the folk-myth. After all is said, such stories as that of the *Oberon* of a Weber, the *Siegfried* of a Wagner, the *Undine* of a Lortzing, or the *Sigurd* of a Reyer are but fairy-tales with elements matured and accentuated to make them appeal to the adult fancy. Even the nursery tale has done relatively recent and important duty before so remarkable an instance as Humperdinck's work above named. The "Sleeping Beauty" and "Beauty and the Beast" have been dressed into scores not meant as banalities nor as the small-change of genius. "Cinderella" served Rossini notably, and by a curious chance is about to serve Massenet. The earliest of Wagner's works that holds the stage is *The Fairies*, suitably named from its material. In view of the caprices and novelty-hunting spirit of musicians just now, possibly we may yet find Mr. Saint-Saëns expecting us to take "Puss in Boots" with excited nerves, or may confess that Goldmark thrills us through a "Jack and the Bean-stalk."

In any case *Hänsel and Gretel*, the three-act opera, the "gingerbread opera," as it has been called for a twelvemonth, has been the sensation of Europe. From opera-house to opera-house it has been received with acclamations. The court and the faubourg have warmed together in enthusiasm over it. Special companies have been organized for only its representation. The dicta of the critics and analysts have hailed it not merely as a popular opera, but as a masterpiece of musical inventiveness and of taste and technic. And its public is a paradoxical public; for children have laid it to their hearts as something belonging peculiarly to their world, whatever the score's intellectual and emotional appeal to their elders. They do so with right. The story that Humperdinck's dexterous and ripe talent has honored by such a setting is a nursery tale. Its essential juvenility is preserved, above all things, in the opera-book. We have pages and scenes of a score often Wagnerian in its richness and ingenuity, embellishing nothing more than the familiar adventures of Hänsel and Gretel—Jacky and Maggy—who, driven out by a harsh parent into the wood, go picking berries, wandering into the house of the cannibalistic Crust Witch; are nearly killed and eaten by her; but are delivered and made rich by an escape that punishes the witch through casting her alive into her own cruel kettle. For further particulars see those genial story-tellers misnamed Grimm. Every German-speaking child has the goodly history pat. Millions of boys and girls not German-speaking know it.

To such heroic stuff is Humperdinck's beautiful score devoted. It is true that in the libretto written for him its author (who is his sister, Mrs. Wette) has enriched the tale; putting Hänsel and Gretel to sleep in the gloomy wood by the aid of the friendly Sandman, waking them by a Dew Fairy, bestowing angel guardians on them, making the Witch an Ilsenstein witch, who bakes her little victims into gingerbread, and is punished by being baked into gingerbread herself. But such emendations are not really structural. Indeed, they enhance the sheer childishness of the episodes. We have no allegory. We have no mysticism. Hänsel is in knee-breeches, and Gretel's head wears the pigtails of a school-lass. A Madame Croquemitaine does duty for an *Armida*, *Ortrud*, or a *Astriffiamante*. We are asked to feel a childish fable as seriously as children do. A thoughtful and beautiful product in a lofty art meets childhood and the grown-up childishness in us half-way. It reminds us that in the demesne of fable ranks are elusive, and that in any corner of its enchanted ground we can dress in short jackets or pantalets together.

To set forth the remarkable traits in Humperdinck's score from the musical analyst's point of view would

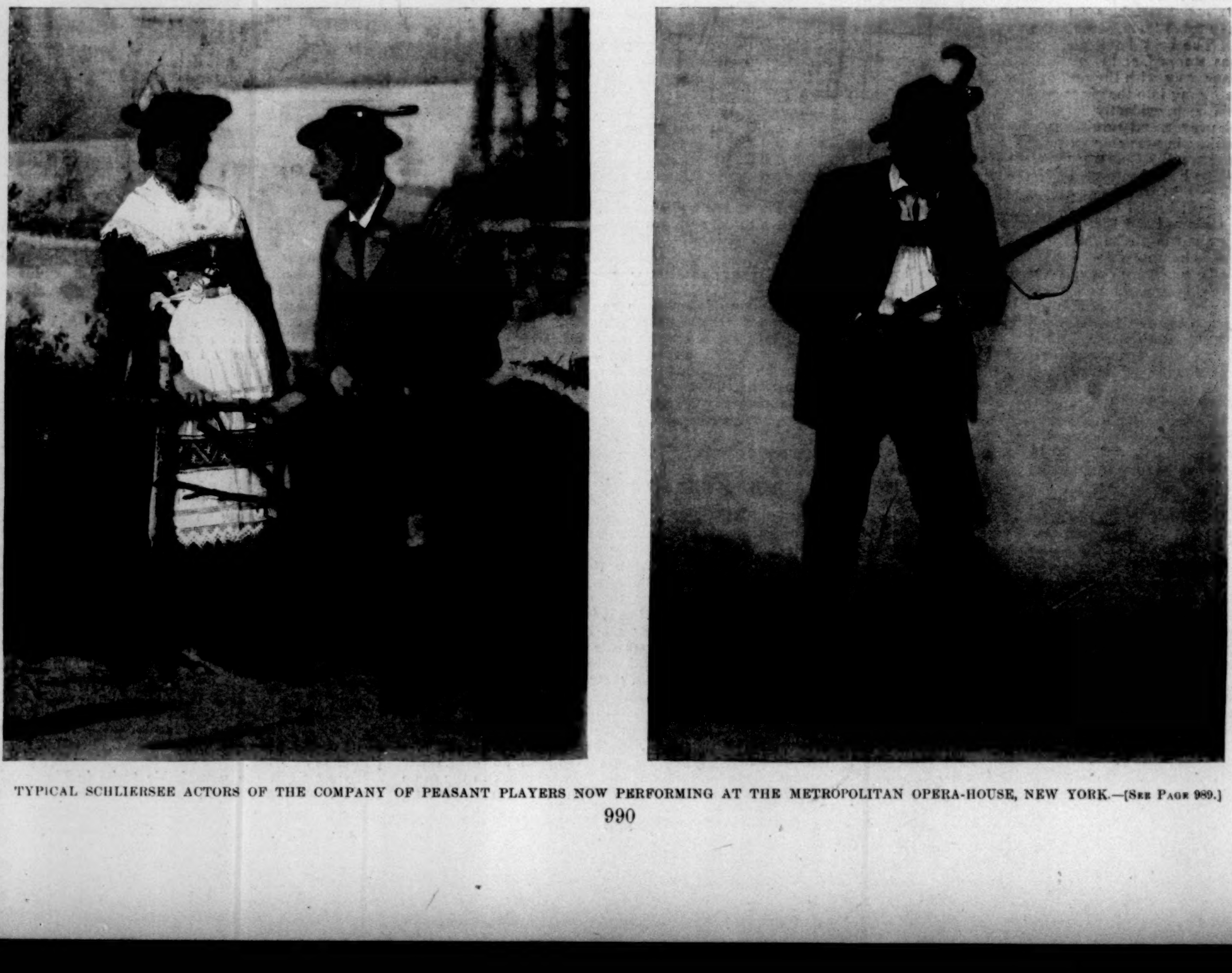
FROM "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL," HUMPERDINCK'S FAIRY OPERA, AS PERFORMED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

need more space than is here practicable, and is, indeed, not in the aim of the present notice. Much in the texture of it is art concealing art, a mastery of detail that converges toward simplicity of general effect, and gives the listener the impression of singular directness, lucidity, and absolute beauty in musical thought and expression. The elaborate orchestration is of the finest security and ingenuity. Humperdinck—who is now about forty years old—was not only an associate with Wagner, but an instructor of the composer's son; such through Wagner's high appreciation of his abilities and of his absorption of many Wagnerian principles in opera and music-drama. A good deal of likeness in method and results between *Hänsel and Gretel* and *The Mastersingers* has been noted, and rightly.

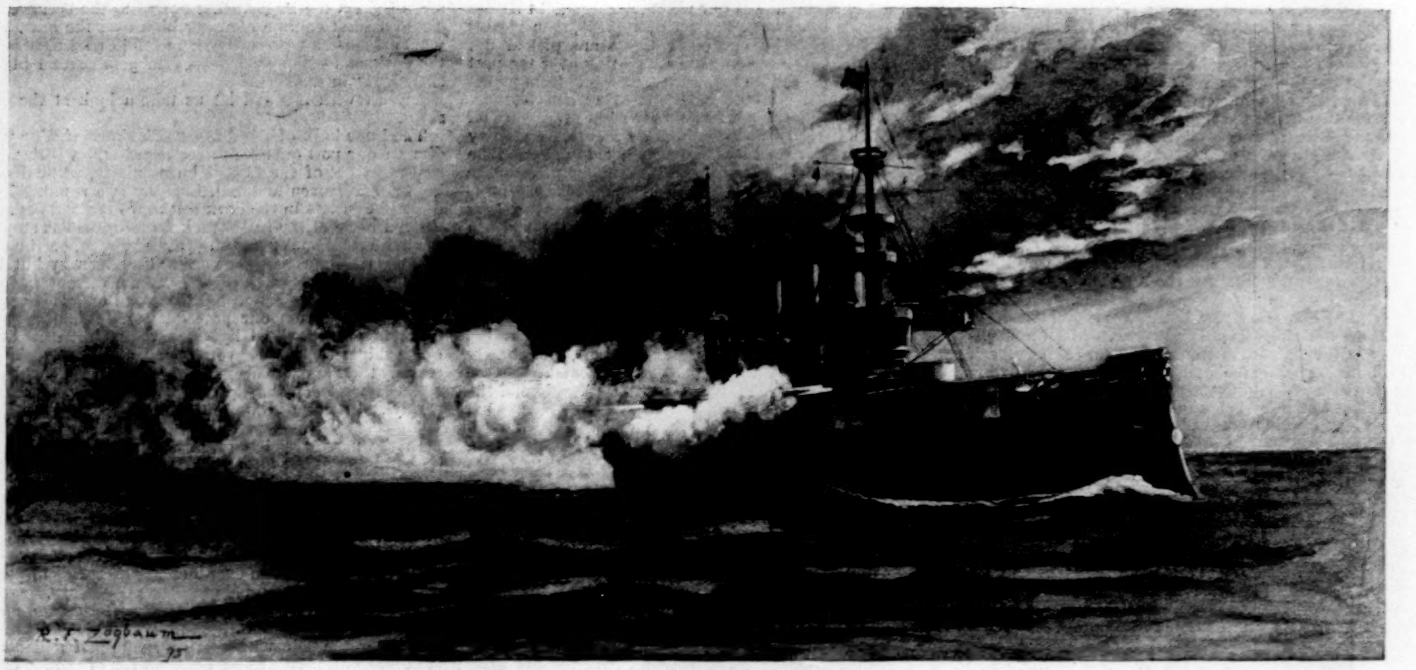
The opera can be classed as Wagnerian. The definite employment of leading themes, not, however, made very numerous or at all burdensome, enhances the likeness in the structure of the score. But a special and peculiarly happy trait, and one that adds vastly to the individuality of *Hänsel and Gretel*, is the slipping into its pages a number of the common and classic little ditties of German childish days. Into its stuff are put the songs of the nursery, school-room, and play-ground. With a charming naïveté, as the three acts of the piece advance, the auditor meets with such tunes as correspond to our own American "Here we go round the barberry-bush," or "Scotland's Burning," or "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber." The quaintness of this material, so appropriate to such a score, is evident at once, even if the American listener is less familiar than the transatlantic child with such airs as "Ringel, Ringel, Reihe," or "Suse, liebe Suse." That they perfect the aspect of singular freshness and limpidness in the opera can be understood, although Humperdinck shows that their technical employment can be as consummate as in the hands of Wagner was the thematic expressiveness of a Nibelungen motif.

The present American introduction of *Hänsel and Gretel* at Daly's Theatre comes from a London Company, under the personal care of Sir Augustus Harris. It offers us the English version of the opera. It has, so far, been received with the liveliest interest, although its performance, vocally and scenically, is not in its effectiveness at all superior to the average English comic-opera production; and that moderate article is what the *ensemble* amounts to, in spite of intelligent work from Miss Marie Elba (Hänsel), Miss Jeanne Douste (Gretel), Miss Louise Meisslinger (the Witch), Mr. Bars (Peter), and Miss Delrita (the Sandman). The spectacular side of the piece, too, calls for the refinement that the German stage has affectionately given it—not its fortune here—and Mr. Daly's playhouse is a poor opera-house. But the orchestral interpretation—a vital matter—is faultless under Mr. Anton Seidl's leadership of an excellent band, and the general effect of the present exposition of Humperdinck's work enables any discriminating listener amply to appreciate its individuality. Whether the American, who soon forgets a childhood shorter than that of any other civilized human creature, can or will give himself up to its spell is a question; but that Humperdinck's beautiful invitation deserves it is beyond gainsay.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



TYPICAL SCHLIERSEE ACTORS OF THE COMPANY OF PEASANT PLAYERS NOW PERFORMING AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 989.]



"HER BATTERIES BURST INTO FLAME AND SMOKE."

A WORKING SQUADRON.

RANDOM SKETCHES OF A SUMMER CRUISE.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

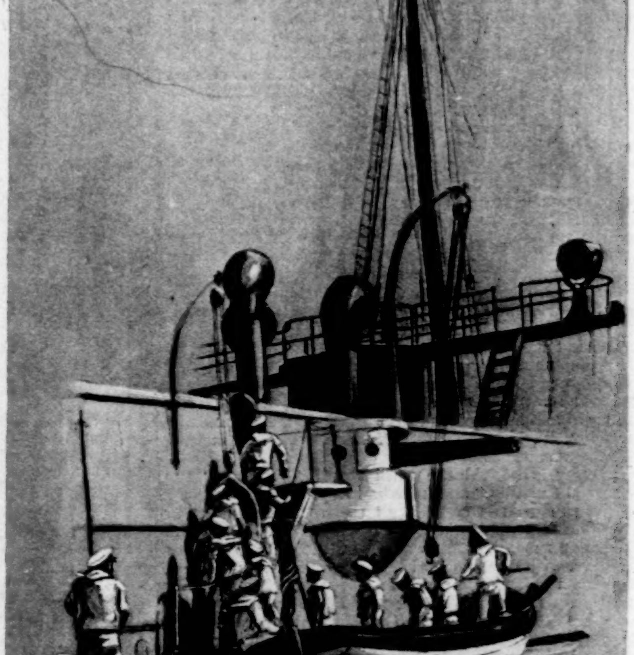
STEAMING on through the fog! All night long the great white ships have ploughed through the fog-enveloped ocean, all night long, faithful and watchful, well-trained eyes and hands have skilfully guided them on their way. That's it — skilful, watchful, well trained, and steady of nerve are the men on whom the tremendous responsibility rests. One false move, one moment's absence of mind, one instant's lack of nerve, might cost hundreds of human lives, for not only is there possible danger ahead, but thundering astern are several thousand tons of steel and iron rushing unseen through the waves. Day dawns and the wan white light spreads over deck and turret, dimly revealing the towering masts and smoke-belching chimneys. Phoot! Phoot! Pho-o-o-ot! the wail of the whistle echoes back from the thick haze, so thick that from the high bridge forward one can hardly see the water lapping and rustling along the smooth sides of the ship, as the great ram-bow steadily parts the waves, sending rolling surges on either side. The officer on watch peers with anxious eyes over the screened rail of the bridge steadily ahead into the gray vapor, while at intervals the electric automatic attachment to the fog-horn sounds forth a warning blast, repeated again and again by our consorts of the squadron, beating out distinguishing numbers in rhythmic dismal peal, invisible in the fog on either quarter or astern, save when now and then slight changes in the cloudlike masses, moving like shifting screens, permit a glimpse of the great cruiser on our port quarter, looming up for a moment like some shadowy monster of the sea.

Slowly the light gains strength as the sun rises higher and higher in the heavens; slowly the horizon widens; the shadow on our port quarter grows more distinct, finally resolving itself into the massive but graceful hull of the *Minneapolis*, and a ray of the sun, pushing through the mist, touches the gilt on her figure-head, sending a gleam of golden light out from the topmost edge of the knife-like bow. Yonder the *Raleigh* pokes her white nose out of the fog; then her tall masts sway into sight, while beyond, the little *Montgomery* pitches and tumbles on the swell, throwing up the spray as her bow torpedo port plunges into the water, and all four ships gleam in the sunlight as the fog rolls off astern, twisting and swirling to leeward before the fresh breeze which sweeps over the water, dimpling the bright surface of the ocean with thousands of purple hollows. A fairly good showing, I think. All the ships up and in position after nearly twenty-four hours of fog thick enough to cut with a knife. However, no one seems to think that anything very praiseworthy has been accomplished. It has all been only an episode of the sailor's trade, but as he goes below for a well-earned rest there is a haggard look about the skipper's eyes which tells of anxious hours.

Blue skies above, blue water to the horizon on all sides, a shimmering sparkling blue quivering with light as the long swells rock the ships gently. Far off the sails of a schooner show white like silver; nothing else in sight but the war-ships steaming in column to the eastward. Under the shadow of the great fighting-tops the admiral is directing the movements of the squadron, and bright-colored signal-flags are flying from the signal-yard. One by one the red and white answering pennants flutter from the ships, and the signals float gracefully down to the deck again. Instantly the jangling of a bell comes up to us through the engine-room hatches, the black speed cone forward glides half-way down the foremast, while the red-crossed guide-flag is run up to the truck, and the throbbing of the engines almost dies away as the great ship slackens speed. A beautiful sight is the *Minneapolis* as she glides into position on the port side, rising and falling as gracefully as a white gull in spite of her long glistening hull and the heavy look of her superstructure, while the other ships turn with majestic sweep half to the left, steaming in the new direction until opposite their places in line, then to the right again, creeping gradually up into the formation. Another jangle of the engine-room bell, up goes the black cone on the foremast, and away the squadron rushes, full speed ahead, in one unbroken front of battle. Evolution after evolution follows in rapid succession, the flag-lieutenant and signal-boys busy as bees. Now column of sections is formed, then line to the left, indented line, even numbers to the rear, forward into line again, or the ships are echeloned, now the right, now the left vessel forward, all moving with the regularity and precision of battalions of troops manœuvring in the field. Over and over again the movements are repeated, and all day long the exercises continue almost without cessation. Occasionally there is a temporary lull; for half an hour or so the ships move on their course in the last formation ordered, but soon the signal-flags are flying again, and again the ships turn and wheel, advance and retire, now in column, now in line, then in column again until 389 in bright-colored bunting — the signal "Well Done!" — shows on the flag-ship.

Meanwhile the routine of drill for the crews morning and afternoon goes on. The performance of evolutions is the business of the admiral and his staff and of the officers on watch, and while ships are continually moving from one formation to another, the crews are working at the great guns or busy with small-arm manual. Athletic exercises and "setting up" are of daily occurrence. At morning and evening quarters the crew is put through a regular series of movements, ending in a run at the "double," on the broad deck, of several minutes' duration, a healthful form of exercise that many of the officers take part in.

The sea lies smooth as glass, unruffled by the slightest breeze. On the horizon white cloud masses tumble with rounded billowy tops high up in air; smoothly the ships cut through the water, reflecting the white hulls and yellow mass of mast and chimney straight down "as in a mirror," while the smoke of the fires drifts sluggishly away, banking itself in hazy masses far astern.



"UP THE TALL LADDERS THE MEN COME CLIMBING."

The call to "general quarters" has been sounded; the roll of the drum, the sharp peremptory trumpet blare, the clanging gong, mingle with the rush of hundreds of hurrying feet, the banging of doors and hatches, quick stern words of command, and the rattle of accoutrements and arms as the crew musters to its stations. The guns are cast loose, the rails on the quarter-deck and forecastle fall, ammunition hoists are rigged, magazines are opened, and shot and shell, great cases of gunpowder, come swinging up from the depths of the ship, ready provender for the black-breeched guns, yawning wide to receive their loads. Away off yonder, a white speck on the blue water, the apex of a triangle of which a line drawn from the flag-ship to the *Minneapolis*, now lying quietly on the water some hundreds of yards away, forms the base, the canvas target floats, while slowly steaming into position, the scarlet danger-flag flying at the fore, the other vessels of the squadron open fire one after the other. The heavy white sulphur clouds, pierced by the angry red flashes of fire, envelop the ships in misty masses, while the shells cut through the air with a roar like the far-off passing of a train, bursting with a distant dull boom and sending columns of spray high into the air over the target. Now comes the turn of *New York*, and a formidable, grim monster she is in spite of spotless white sides and glittering gold of figure-head. See how smoothly and noiselessly her massive turrets turn, the long guns shoving their muzzles far out, while below on the gun-deck their smaller comrades peer viciously from port and sponson. Quietly and silently the great ship glides along until, with a shock that makes the head swim, her batteries burst into flame and smoke, rending the air with a crash like the thunder of hell. It needs no very vivid imagination to conjure up pictures of the terror of battle, and practice with shotted heavy ordnance gives an exciting, but not pleasant, sensation to the participants in the game.

On the rounded hill-tops the fog bank lies, curling white and smokelike through the pine-trees, below them the blue waves of Bar Harbor toss tiny crests, sparkling and gleaming in the sunlight, shining full on the houses of the town, and touching the roofs of the cottages on the heights beyond. A flotilla of pleasure craft, great and small, lies snug within the shelter of the bay, while here and there, with white sails spread to the brisk breeze, a yacht beats gracefully out of the harbor, or a naphtha-launch, bright and gay, speeds saucily over the water. Out beyond, and between the town and the islands, the squadron lies at anchor, the great hull of *New York* rising like a rock, spurning back the rippling waves that run glancing from stem to stern. Swarms of small boats surround the ships, and crowds of people come and go up and down the accommodation ladders and spread over the decks, for the fleet is open to visitors. Everybody in Bar Harbor who could beg, borrow, buy, or steal a boat to carry him, "and his cousins, and his sisters, and his aunts," out to the ships seems to have availed himself of the opportunity to spend an hour or two on board one or the other of them, and those of the crews left on board, officers and men, have their hands full attending to their duties and at the same time answering the questions of curious sightseers. I say those of the crews that have been left on board, for the boats have been called away and are drilling under oars or sail far out in the harbor. As the afternoon wanes the visiting ceases; courteous, but decided, comes the reply of the marine at the gangway to applicants, "Visiting hours are over," and gradually the shore craft move away, making room alongside for the returning fleet of ships' boats. Up the tall ladders the men come climbing, and soon the decks resound to the measured tramp of feet as, keeping time to the merry quickstep from the cornet of the bugler by the turret there, bluejackets, marines, all available hands, man the falls, and one boat after another is run up to the davits, and the shrill trilling of their little silver whistles resounds through the ships as the boatswain's mates pipes, "Belay!" "Get your swords on, get your swords on, get your swords on!" the bugle sounds officers' call, quick, sharp, and emphatic; then the assembly for evening quarters, and once more the men are put through a short rapid drill, and are dismissed to supper and the smoking lantern. With the last rays of the sun, with roll of drum and blare of trumpet, and the solemn strains of the "Star-spangled Banner," the flags on all the war-ships glide slowly down the tall staffs, lights gleam out from stay and truck, and the music from the band on the gun-deck fills the quiet evening air.

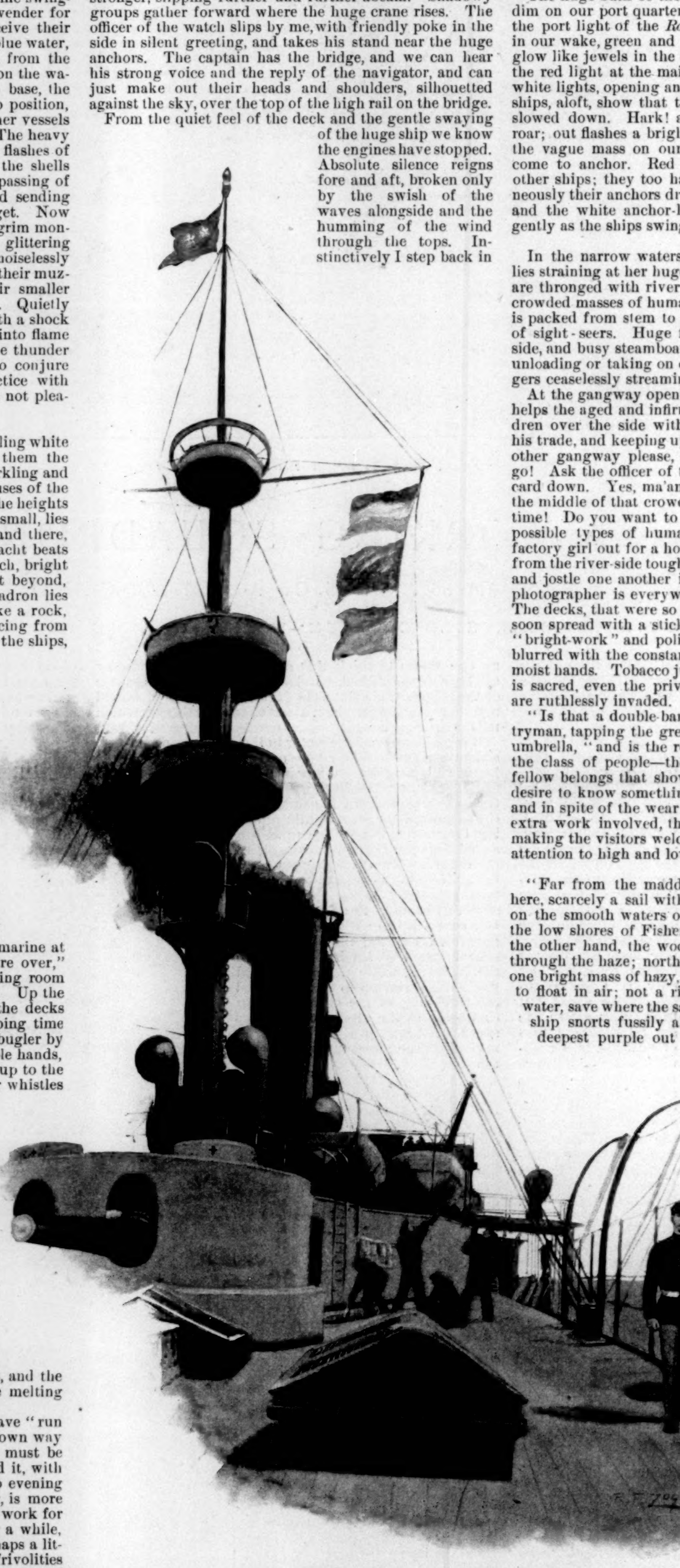
Good-by, girls! The anchor is weighed and signals are flying; the white war-ships are slowly sliding out from the protecting hills, and the rock-bound, tree-clad islands of Bar Harbor are melting into the distance astern.

Good-by, girls! All the world says that you have "run the social function," and have had it quite your own way on the squadron—and what all the world says must be true—but when you did it all, and how you did it, with officers and men hard at work from morning to evening quarters, with boat and other drills intervening, is more than I can tell. To be sure, of an evening, when work for most people in this working world lets up for a while, there has been a dance or two on shore, and perhaps a little dinner now and then, but indulgence in such frivolities by naval officers is little less than crime in the eyes of their critics.

In blue water again since several days; no break in the round of drill and manœuvre from "morn till dewy eve," but all hands merry and comfortable, interested in the work from admiral down to "Jack o' the dust."

The stars are shining in a cloudless sky, a brisk breeze is blowing, and now and then, as the huge ship courtesies to the rising sea, a fine spray bursts over the bow, flying through the air in tiny drops, just moistening our faces as we stand forward of the turret on the forecastle looking ahead into the night. Away over there on the horizon, off the starboard bow, a distant light, now beaming strong, now almost dying out, shows the lay of the land; beyond, just coming into range of our vision, another light flashes several times in succession, then disappears, then gleams forth again. One by one other lights are picked up. "Cape Cod," says my companion, pointing over the port bow, where, far off to leeward, a distant faint gleam marks the presence of the light-house there. On we move, more slowly now, while the light gradually shows stronger and stronger, slipping further and further abeam. Shadowy groups gather forward where the huge crane rises. The officer of the watch slips by me, with friendly poke in the side in silent greeting, and takes his stand near the huge anchors. The captain has the bridge, and we can hear his strong voice and the reply of the navigator, and can just make out their heads and shoulders, silhouetted against the sky, over the top of the high rail on the bridge.

From the quiet feel of the deck and the gentle swaying of the huge ship we know the engines have stopped. Absolute silence reigns fore and aft, broken only by the swish of the waves alongside and the humming of the wind through the tops. Instinctively I step back in the lee of the big guns poking out from the turret. I know what is coming, and what a bobbery is kicked up when ten thousand pounds of solid iron take a sheer jump of twenty feet or so down into the water, particularly when one is standing to leeward and a sharp wind is striking straight across the deck. "Fo'c's'le there, stand by to anchor!" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Below there, stand clear of the chain!" "Let go the starboard anchor!" The group up in the starboard bow clusters close together, there is a dim heaving of shadowy forms, a sudden giving way of something forward there, and with tremendous plunge and roar of chain the huge anchor rushes to the bottom. Up comes a great column of water high over the bow. The wind catches its top, sending it in solid drifts right across the deck, and—slop—the boatswain gets several bucketfuls right "in the neck."



"BRIGHT-COLORED SIGNAL-FLAGS ARE FLYING."

Lay aft with me, and let us take a look at the other ships.

The huge bulk of the *Minneapolis* shows shadowy and dim on our port quarter; to starboard and a little astern the port light of the *Raleigh* burns dimly, while directly in our wake, green and red, *Montgomery's* running lights glow like jewels in the dark setting of sea and sky. By the red light at the main-truck *Minneapolis* has stopped; white lights, opening and shutting like eyes, on the other ships, aloft, show that they are still under way but have slowed down. Hark! a dull splash, a distant booming roar; out flashes a bright light forward and half-way up the vague mass on our port quarter. *Minneapolis* has come to anchor. Red lights at the main-trucks of the other ships; they too have stopped, and almost simultaneously their anchors drop. Out go red and green lights, and the white anchor-lights burn, swaying to and fro gently as the ships swing to the tide.

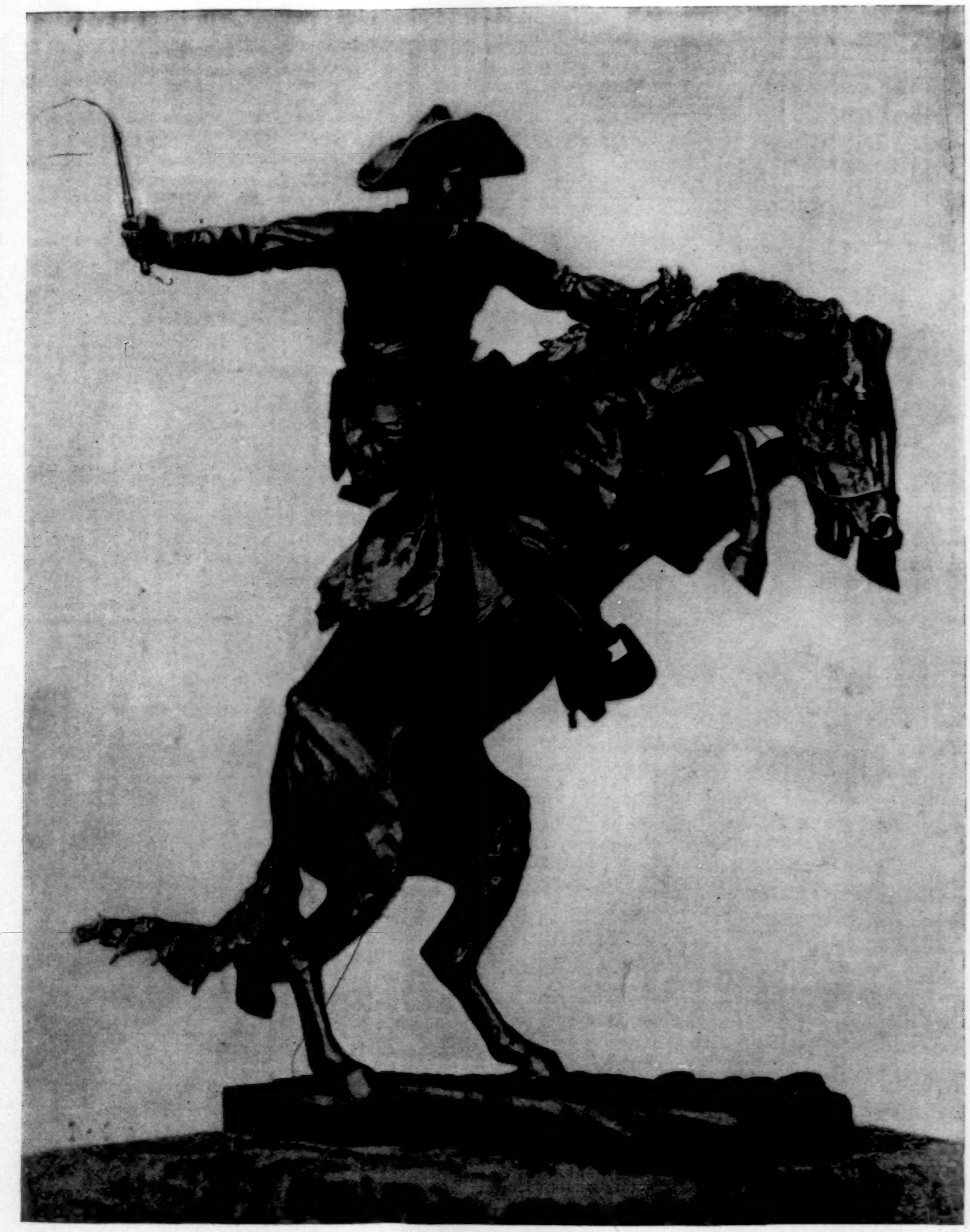
In the narrow waters of Boston Harbor the flag-ship lies straining at her huge anchors. The waters about her are thronged with river craft, loaded to the guards with crowded masses of humanity, while the great ship herself is packed from stem to stern with a slowly moving mob of sight-seers. Huge floats are moored along the port side, and busy steamboats—a dozen of them or more—are unloading or taking on ever-increasing crowds of passengers ceaselessly streaming over both gangways.

At the gangway opening on the quarter-deck a marine helps the aged and infirm, the pretty girls, and little children over the side with all the traditional gallantry of his trade, and keeping up a constant run of talk. "Off the other gangway please, sir. Come on, little one, up you go! Ask the officer of the deck, madam; he'll send your card down. Yes, ma'am, the officer in the frock-coat in the middle of that crowd. Hold on there, you, take your time! Do you want to crush that baby to death?" All possible types of humanity, from the maidservant and factory girl out for a holiday to the daintily gloved lady, from the river-side tough to the young swell, crowd, push, and jostle one another in eager curiosity. The amateur photographer is everywhere, even up in the highest top. The decks, that were so spotlessly clean this morning, are soon spread with a sticky covering of dirt, while shining "bright-work" and polished guns are soon dimmed and blurred with the constant handling and thumbing of hot moist hands. Tobacco juice stains the planking; no place is sacred, even the private quarters of officers and men are ruthlessly invaded.

"Is that a double-barrelled gun?" asks one old countryman, tapping the great eight-inch turret guns with his umbrella, "and is the rest of it in that box?" And it is the class of people—the real people—to which the old fellow belongs that shows the most genuine interest and desire to know something about the novel surroundings, and in spite of the wear and tear and the vast amount of extra work involved, the whole ship's company joins in making the visitors welcome, showing every courtesy and attention to high and low, rich and poor alike.

"Far from the madding crowd," no rush of visitors here, scarcely a sail within a mile of the ships at anchor on the smooth waters of the Sound. To the southward the low shores of Fishers Island lie bathed in light; on the other hand, the wooded slopes of Connecticut loom through the haze; north and south sea and sky melt into one bright mass of hazy, opalescent hue. The ships seem to float in air; not a ripple disturbs the surface of the water, save where the saucy steam-cutter from the guard-ship snorts fussily along, sending diverging lines of deepest purple out on either side astern. The flags hang motionless, straight up and down the staves, and even the signals now running up on the flag-ship scarcely give sluggish answer to the haul of the halyards. "Arm and away, boats!" is the order, and the war-ships, which have so lazily swung to their anchors, suddenly quicken with active life. Trumpet-calls startle the quiet air, and white-clad sailormen clamber out on the long booms, swinging into the boats below, and bringing them up alongside of the gangways.

Equipped for distant service, knapsacks packed, canteens and haversacks slung, rifles in hand, blue marines and white sailors crowd down the ladders and throng into the waiting boats, pushing off from the ships' sides, and gathering in long lines out on the water. One by one the smoking steam-launches pick them up, and away they start in winding columns, like huge sea-serpents, bound for the shore, where soon the air is filled with the clangor of trumpet note, and the rolling grass-topped dunes reverberate with the rattle of musketry, as boat-load after boat-load disembarks, and the long white skirmish-lines push over bank and mound, through copse and brush, as the naval brigade of the squadron lands in force.



THE BRONCO-BUSTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A BRONZE BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

FROM INK TO CLAY.

WHEN a man has identified himself with a certain kind of work, be it literary, musical, or artistic, the public, as a general rule, is apt to resent any change, or at least any very radical departure.

Some ten years ago, when in a modest way a new name appeared among the list of illustrators to the various periodicals of the day, the knowing ones seeing novel and unconventional if somewhat crude drawings of cowboy and bronco, of cavalrymen mounted on beasts that were really in action, and of soldiers that were actually fighting, a future was prophesied for Frederic Remington. Time has only strengthened the belief, for the young man went steadily on, the years and experience bringing out latent qualities, with better draughtsmanship, a more serious conception of composition, and a maturer style.

Here was a man who gave us horses that differed from the old-time inanities born of studio study and the plaster cast, and quite innocent of the stable. Here were beasts that had snap, go, life, and hot, quick-coursing blood in their veins. If there was a trifle of exaggeration here and there, the artist erred on the right side, and little lapses in construction were readily forgiven. A strong personality was apparent, and a new note sounded. We saw the cowboy as he really was, divested of the nonsense of romance. The toiling, hard-working soldier of Uncle Sam's little army, brave and sturdy in his modest uniform, more practical than, if not so picturesque as his European brother's, was depicted in his long weary march across hot dusty plains or climbing icy ridge, and we were able to enter more into his life, and to know how faithful a servant the people had in the simple private of the far-distant post, commanded by brave and capable officers.

These and many more facts Mr. Remington gave us in a frank, honest, manly way, born of experience, serious study, hard knocks about the Western country as cowboy, ranchman, scout, and general traveller, who had journeyed about with eyes wide open, with perceptions keen and quick to seize even the smallest detail. When the man was not drawing, his pen jotted down interesting notes in a terse, brief, snappy way, very fascinating to read. It was impossible to look at the drawings or peruse the descriptions without feeling behind both a vigorous, healthy manhood, and an enthusiasm thoroughly contagious.

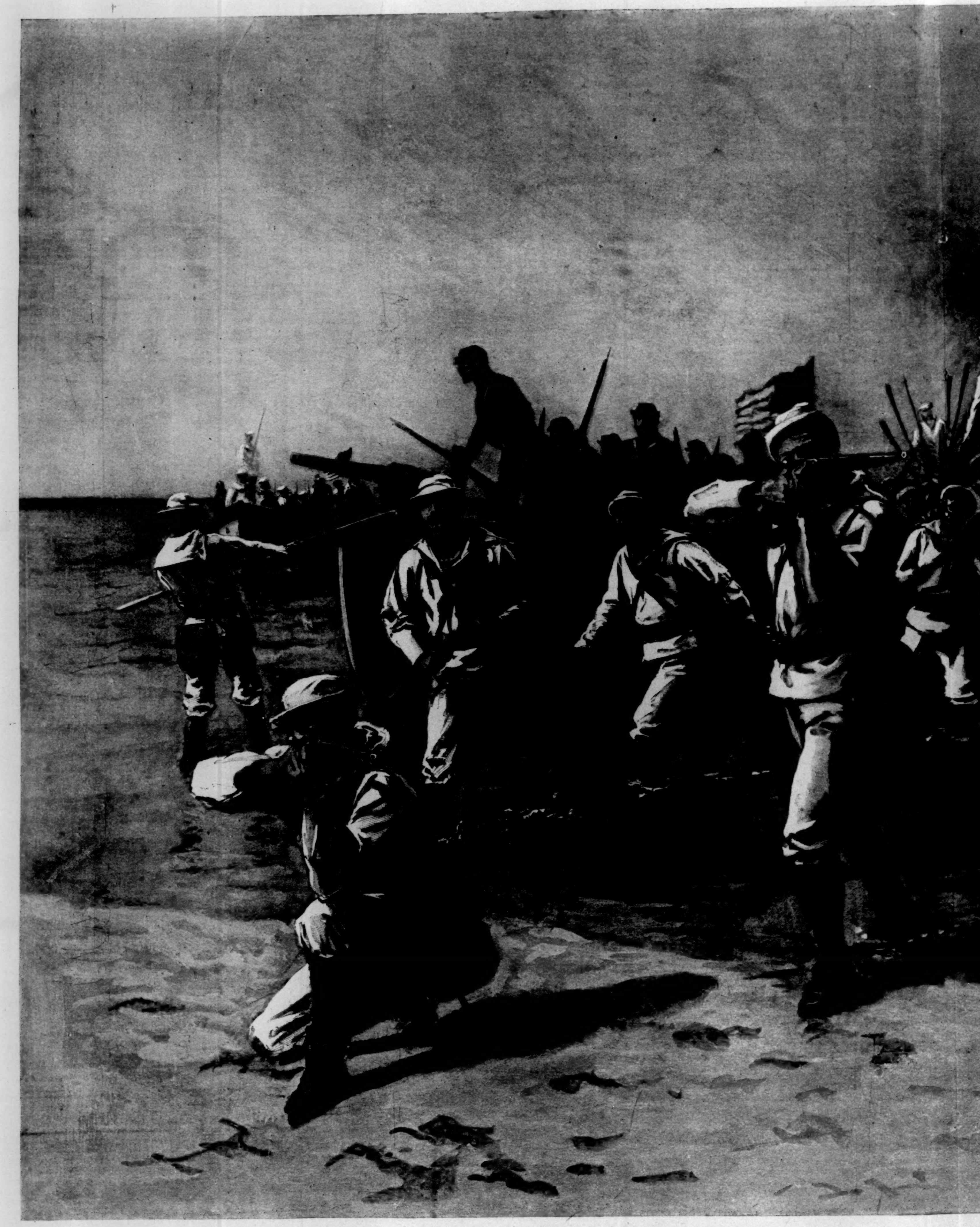
Now, however, the energy and restlessness that actuated the work of Mr. Remington have found another vent, and the transition is not altogether surprising or unexpected. Breaking away from the narrow limits and restraints of pen and ink on flat surface, Remington has stampeded, as it were, to the greater possibilities of plastic form in clay, and in a single experiment has demonstrated his ability adequately to convey his ideas in a new and more effective medium of expression. While through all his previous work a strong feeling for form and mass was perceptible, and the new departure is thoroughly logical, it is nevertheless quite astonishing that the difficulties of technique in the modelling in clay should have been overcome so readily and with such excellent results as this maiden effort shows.

"The Bronco-Buster," with its spirited action of horse and rider, presents no easy problem. Mr. Remington has, however, solved it satisfactorily. The serious fight between man and horse is given with a realism and intensity that come only from profound knowledge. The determination of the rider, clad in his picturesque garb of the Southwest; the upraised right hand ready to apply the whip, while the left grasps the mane and the rope; the foot reaching for the stirrup, the man not being quite in the saddle—all are conveyed with wonderful effectiveness and vigor, while the horse is in deadly earnest. Every detail has been carried out, from the Rarey hitch about the animal's head to the hide flaps flying back from the man's legs. The action is stirring, though not forced, and the sculptor has seized all the possibilities of the situation with rare judgment.

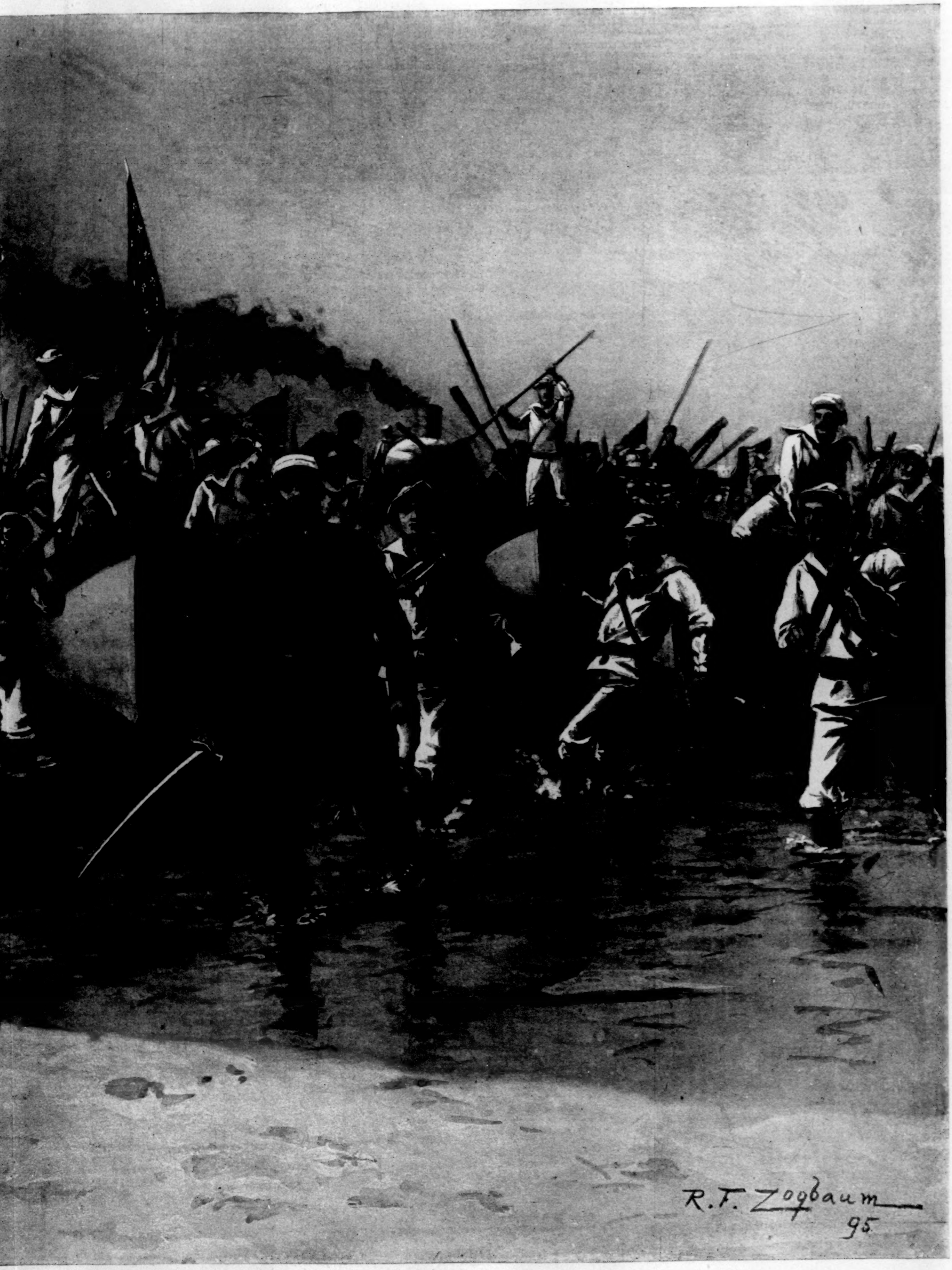
No one who has not ridden this species of wild horse could have given the subtle movement or the idea of determination to shake off the rider that is conveyed in every muscle and sinew of the little animal. All this, too, is combined with the grim resolve of the man, who, with teeth set and compressed lips, clings with dogged persistence to the back of the bronco, with the evident certainty of finally conquering. Mr. Remington has handled his clay in a masterly way, with great freedom and certainty of touch, and in a manner to call forth the surprise and admiration not only of his fellow-craftsmen, but of sculptors as well.

The statuette is some two feet in height, and has been admirably cast in bronze by the Henry-Bonnard Company of this city, under the personal supervision of the sculptor, who is gratified at the result. Mr. Remington says the possibilities of clay came to him as a genuine revelation, after all these years of experiment in pen, ink, and paint. Here he finds for the first time ample opportunity to search for the forms and masses that have always so appealed to him, to obtain which in other mediums he found himself hampered and restrained. Now to him the possibilities seem unlimited, and his ardor knows no bounds. In short, well as he has succeeded in other directions, it is quite evident that Mr. Remington has struck his gait, and that, much as he has accomplished in an illustrative way, more remains for him to do, and other roads are open to him. With youth, health, and energy, who shall say how far he may not go? And his is a distinctively American field. Does any one regret the change?

ARTHUR HOEBER.



A LANDING IN FORCE.—Drawn by


R.F. Zogbaum
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N BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

THE STARS.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

[The following lines were written by Mr. Hale but a short time before his death, which occurred at Roxbury, October 6, 1895. Mr. Hale was the youngest son of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and was graduated from Harvard in 1891.]

I lay at my ease in my little boat,
Fast moored to the shore of the pond,
And looked up through the trees that swayed in the breeze
At God's own sky beyond.

And I thought of the want and the sin in the world,
And the pain and the grief they bring,
And I marvelled at God for spreading abroad
Such sorrow and suffering.

Evening came creeping over the earth,
And the sky grew dim and gray
And faded from sight; and I grumbled at Night
For stealing my sky away.

Then out of the dark just the speck of a face
Peeped forth from its window bars;
And I laughed to see it smile at me:
I had not thought of the stars!

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
All ripe for awakening
That never would start from the world's cold heart
But for sorrow and suffering.

Yes, the blackening night is sombre and cold,
And the day was warm and fine;
And yet if the day never faded away
The stars would never shine!

SOME PERSONAL NOTES FROM THE GERMAN GRAND MANŒUVRES.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

The grand or imperial manœuvres of the German army were this year carried out on a scale unprecedented in the father-land—at least in time of peace. Four army corps were mobilized, and these came into conflict near the shores of the Baltic, between Stettin and Prenzlau. Both of these names are associated with the military history of Prussia, particularly with the war of 1806 against France. Stettin surrendered without a blow, though amply garrisoned and otherwise provided for. Prenzlau to-day recalls the scandalous surrender of a Prussian army by Prince Hohenlohe in the same year. But there were so many scandalous surrenders by Prussian generals of noble lineage in 1806 that nowadays we are apt to forget the behavior of individuals.

Speaking of Prince Hohenlohe of 1806 reminds me that the present Prince Hohenlohe, the German Emperor's minister, has expressed his displeasure that Harper's Weekly, of July 20th, should have printed an article by me in which I recorded some of my personal impressions at the opening of the great Baltic Canal.

In that article I dwelt upon the discourtesy shown by Russians and French towards their German entertainers, and in particular sought to express the indignation of every American at the Russian Grand-Duke, who treated Prince Hohenlohe with a form of politeness which we simple citizens would call downright rudeness.

Prince Hohenlohe, however, at once sent out a note to the German press, which was copied into hundreds of little papers all over the father-land. In this note the public of Germany was told that my powers of observation had left me sadly in the lurch; consequently I must conclude that Prince Hohenlohe regarded the manner of his treatment by the Russian Grand-Duke as quite proper; and if that be the case, then let me hasten to withdraw all I have written, or at least to regard the word courtesy as having different senses in different countries.

At the grand manœuvres of Stettin, Prince Hohenlohe was not expected, although his predecessor, Caprivi, had been a familiar figure on such occasions. It is well known that the present Chancellor's property lies in Russia, and that his income is very much dependent upon the Czar's caprice. Some years ago this Czar's father ordered that no foreigner should hold land in that part of Russia in which Prince Hohenlohe had his estates, consequently there was nothing left but to sell and get out. But unfortunately there was nobody who wanted to buy, least of all the Russian government, and therefore the present Chancellor of the German Empire is in the embarrassing position of governing one country while much of his worldly fortune is stored in another.

It is a cruel state of things, and it shows the bad relations of the two countries more clearly than anything else I know of.

Franz Joseph, the Austrian Emperor, was the guest of honor, and delighted all horsemen by his graceful riding. He is now somewhat of an elderly gentleman, and will soon celebrate his jubilee as Kaiser; yet to see him galloping over the ploughed fields in his hussar uniform, one might readily take him for some dashing cavalry colonel. He is a vastly different man from his host. He came, it is true, early to the throne, but it was in the troublous times of '48, when he was forced to make one concession after another, and to learn by hard knocks that he must stoop to conquer. Little by little he has surrendered to responsible ministers the task of ruling his heterogeneous empire, and nowadays rarely speaks a word in public that is not dictated by one of his officials. The Austrian Emperor is perhaps to-day the only crowned head in Europe who does not speak English—and, by-the-way, the old Emperor William also knew none. But, on the other hand, Franz Joseph speaks some fifteen other tongues more dear to his people—amongst them Czech, Polish, Slavonian, Hungarian, Italian; for all these may be heard on the floor of the Austrian House of Congress in Vienna. All in all he is perhaps the most popular monarch on a throne to-day—not for what he does, but for that which his tact teaches him to avoid.

The hero of the day was, however, Lord Roberts, of Candahar, the General-in-Chief of the Armies of India, an Excellency and Field-Marshal, and full of titles and medals from every land. But all his glories together cannot eclipse the name by which he is endeared to the soldier in the ranks, namely, "Bobs." There was the same feeling in the Army of the Potomac for Little Mac, and in the Grande Armée for Le Petit Caporal. Lord Roberts was talking with the Turkish military attaché one day, and we who stood near wondered what the language was. One said French, another said German, another said Russian—but all were wrong. Lord Roberts was not very strong in French and German; and Sami Bey, the Turkish warrior, was wholly lost on English ground. So Lord Roberts tried a selection of Oriental tongues, of which he knows a dozen at least, and finally their minds met in Persian.

It was a very babel of languages, that daily mess table, where officers from all Europe and half of Asia and America struggled in conflicting phrases to make themselves understood. Siam, Russia, Chili, Norway, Mexico, and the United States—these and many more were represented, each eager to learn the views of the others, but few capable of understanding all that was said.

It is now six years since the United States have sent military attachés to Europe, and in that time we have had three in Berlin, an average, therefore, of two years for each. Not one of these officers arrived at his post with any knowledge of German, and what they knew of French was just enough to say good-morning. The first two officers were dismissed before they had learned enough German to follow a conversation, and Captain Evans, the present incumbent, will probably be relieved in 1896. Under these circumstances the post of military attaché is of little value to the United States army, particularly as we have in the past been sending abroad not our best soldiers, but any youngster who had enough political "pull" to secure the place.

Spain, Italy, England, Austria—these countries send to Berlin colonels who have seen something of military work. We, on the contrary, sent first a lieutenant, then a captain of engineers, neither of whom had probably ever seen a full regiment in the field. Captain Evans has seen fighting in the West, is capable of telling what is or is not useful for our army, has now laboriously acquired a small amount of German, and is just beginning to be of service to his country. Instead, therefore, of recalling him, Uncle Sam ought to double his salary, promote him to colonel, and let the United States make as good a show in Berlin as any other embassy.

Some people ask, What is the good of a military attaché, anyhow? No good at all if he does not know his business, but just as good as any other agent if he does.

For instance, every life-insurance company thinks it worth while to have an agent abroad, every great type-writing or sewing-machine concern—in fact, every business house that trades with Europe. Now Uncle Sam has an army that is small, to be sure, but that costs many millions of dollars every year. The very smallness of our army ought to make us wish to see it in every detail perfect. Our military agents abroad are therefore expected to be not only masters of their profession at home, but capable of reporting upon every detail of military interest abroad. They must follow all the changes that are made, note the effect of these changes, suggest improvements, and point out defects. From the making of a water-flask to the casting of an 80-ton gun there is nothing that a military agent should not look into and be able to discuss for the benefit of the government.

But to do this well the agent must live many years in the country, get familiar with the language, and, above all, make friends with the people who can be useful to him; for there is much information to be got by favor which cannot be secured officially.

At this year's manœuvres were about 120,000 men, divided into two sides of about 60,000 each. These men had marched, many of them, from garrisons fifty or a hundred miles away, camping out occasionally, and moving as they would in real war. To get an idea of these field operations, let us imagine that a hostile army of 60,000 men has landed at New London, and is advancing upon New York, while our army of 60,000 is distributed between Newburg and Albany, and is trying to unite and give battle in time to save our commercial metropolis. The ground over which these troops operate is unknown to either party, save by aid of the maps, and each regiment, brigade, or division finds in this campaign ample opportunity to test the soldiering capacity of officers and men.

Suppose, for instance, that a commander of a cavalry regiment sets his men to charging over a country where the meadows prove boggy—that small episode is enough to show the Emperor that that particular commander did not reconnoitre his ground enough, and is to that extent an unsafe leader. On each day of the grand manœuvres, officers of every grade have opportunities of showing whether they are good or not, and the Emperor finds here the best possible reasons for promoting or retiring his would-be field-marshals.

The marching of the infantry was a matter very much studied at Stettin this summer, and the men stood their severe tests beyond praise. Many of them did their twenty miles a day, loaded down with sixty pounds of baggage, and ploughing along over tracks of deep sand. I saw not a single soldier fall out, nor heard a single murmur. Others who were there said they had noted some stragglers, but of course I only noted my own experience.

The work of the horses was, if possible, still more surprising. One morning I arrived at nine o'clock at a point where a captain of cavalry had halted his squadron of dragoons. In conversation he told me they had left their camp at half past one that morning, and had already done seven German miles, which meant nearly thirty-five English ones. How much more they did on that day I do not know, though I rode in a cavalry charge two hours afterwards, and by my side was this same squadron.

That day I was accompanied by an English cavalry officer, who is also a master of fox-hounds. He was amazed at the endurance of the troop-horses; for they too are heavily loaded, carrying in all about two hundred and fifty pounds.

My own horse was a trooper from a regiment of lancers, and he carried me one morning ten miles in fifty minutes, part of the time straight across country, over ploughed fields, with an occasional ditch to jump. For four consecutive days that same trooper carried me—always willing, always sure-footed, always speedy. To be sure, I am a light rider, and never fail to dismount when it is possible to snatch a moment's rest for my horse, but still the work done was such that even Captain Evans declared that no American cavalry-horse could have stood what these horses did.

And to their great capacity for carrying weight and getting rapidly over the ground is added equally remarkable uniformity of movement. They gallop in line or in squadron over broken country as smoothly as in a circus. At one time I stood upon a gentle hill overlooking a broad valley between the two armies. It was early in the morning, and a few advanced pickets were prowling about. Suddenly over the brow of a ridge came the fluttering of lances, the flashing of scabbards, and the clinking of accoutrements. Thirty squadrons there may have been in this one body of horse, each squadron representing 120 sabres led by a captain. Here were therefore about 3600 horses moving about as a unit. So thick was the cloud of dust they raised as they trotted over the valley that it was next to impossible for me to distinguish which were the dragoons, which the ulans, and which the cuirassiers; but in spite of this great mass of sand cloud, the huge cavalry divisions formed and reformed—now in squares, now in columns, now to one front, then to the other—all as smoothly as though it had been rehearsed. The individual squadrons kept their shapes and distances as though on parade, and when at last in one long line they rushed upon a line of infantry with yells of hurrah, even then no single horse bolted ahead of the rest, and not a laggard was seen behind.

Such things as these must be seen in order to be believed, and they are conclusive evidence of the splendid training which the individual horses receive, to say nothing of the individual men.

No spectator could see all of this great army in action at any one time, for the fighting-line alone was nearly ten miles long, and the commanding generals had to rely upon the reports of their many aides-de-camp for information. In fact, standing in the firing-line of one side, it is not always easy to determine the uniform of the enemy upon which the guns are trained. Now that smokeless powder is the rule, and troops fire at such long range, the most conspicuous object that can be aimed at is the accumulation of buttons and helmet-spikes which betray the enemy. Often have I noticed troops at a distance of 1500 or 2000 yards betrayed solely by the brass on their accoutrements.

The cannon, as a rule, did betray themselves by a small puff of smoke, but from a regiment of infantry in fire there was no more smoke than would have come out of a cigar. When the sun shone bright I could not discover the presence of a firing-line, but so soon as a cloud passed across the sun I could then note a flash as each cartridge was exploded; and this flash became more conspicuous as the day became more cloudy.

The bicycles had a hard time of it, though I counted one to nearly every company. A heavy sandy soil does not suit the cyclist, and in this land of Pomerania the wheels did more harm than good, for roads were very scarce. In these manœuvres I can scarcely recall a single wheelman who was actually employed otherwise than in pushing his machine along. Many of them were employed at night carrying despatches from headquarters, but they can have been but few in comparison with the whole, because of the bad roads.

In South Germany, France, and notably England, the bicycle is bound to play an important part in any future mobilization of troops, because with the increase in the size of armies comes increased importance of keeping up rapid and frequent communication between the commanding general and his subordinates. And in such countries cycle corps may be used, not merely as messengers, but also for purposes of raids—for surprising small hostile outposts, or for destroying bridges and telegraph wires. But let us realize at the same time what the limitations of the cyclists are, so as not to waste them in a country where they can do no good.

It is very doubtful if the United States army could use a "Bike Brigade" to advantage, excepting in very favorable times of the year; for our roads are, as a rule, such that they cannot be permanently relied upon by wheelmen. Every cyclist in America goes to bed with the prayer on his lips that Uncle Sam may stop squandering money on a pack of swindlers who disgrace our citizenship by taking pensions, and that he may spend that money in giving us a net-work of macadamized highways just as good as those of Europe. Then might we put half of our army on wheels.

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

Being some Account of the Divers Doings of the Associated Shades.

(Publication Authorized by the House Committee.)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

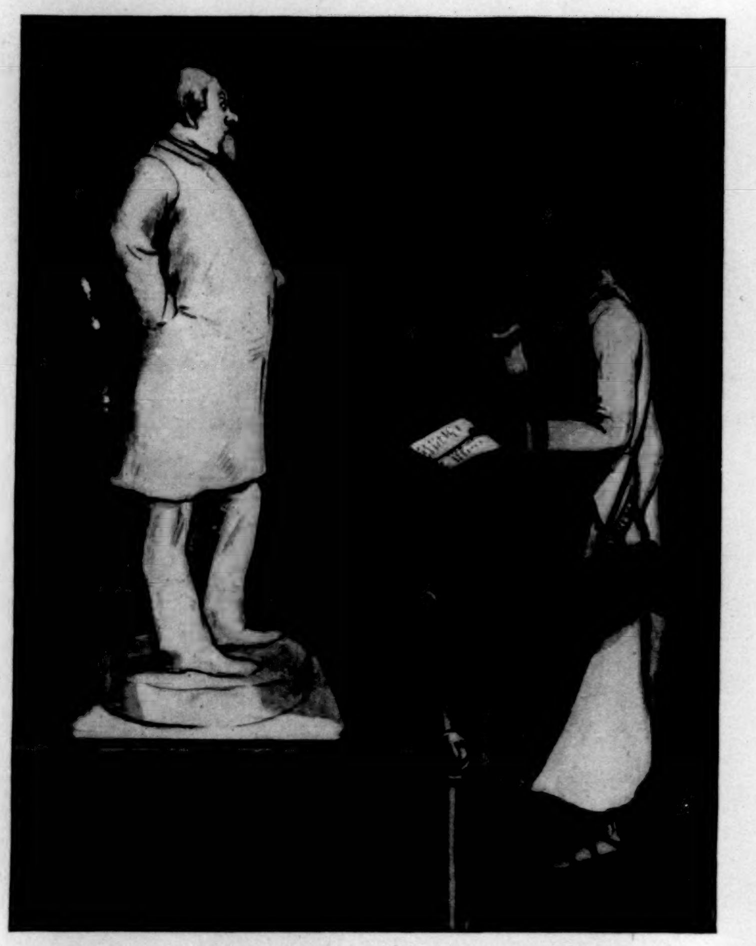
IX.—AS TO COOKS AND SCULPTURE.

ROBERT BURNS and Homer were seated at a small table in the dining-room of the house-boat discussing everything in general and the shade of a very excellent luncheon in particular.

"We are in great luck to-day," said Burns, as he cut a ruddy duck in twain. "This bird is done just right."

"I agree with you," returned Homer, drawing his chair a trifle closer to the table. "Compared with the one we had here last Thursday, this is a feast for the gods. I wonder who it was that cooked this fowl originally."

"I give it up; but I suspect it was done by some man who knew his business," said Burns, with a smack of his lips. "It's a pity, I think, my dear Homer, that there is no means by which a cook may become immortal. Cooking is as much of an art as is the writing of poetry, and



PHIDIAS SEES “A LIFE-SIZE STATUE OF THE INVENTOR OF A NEW KIND OF LARD.”

just as there are immortal poets, so there should be immortal cooks. See what an advantage the poet has. He writes something, it goes out and reaches the inmost soul of the man who reads it, and it is signed. His work is known because he puts his name to it; but this poor devil of a cook—where is he? He has done his work as well as the poet ever did his, it has reached the inmost soul of the mortal who originally ate it, but he cannot get the glory of it because he cannot put his name to it. If the cook could sign his work it would be different.”

“You have hit upon a great truth,” said Homer, nodding, as he sometimes was wont to do. “And yet I fear that, ingenious as we are, we cannot devise a plan to remedy the matter. I do not know about you, but I should myself much object if my birds and my flapjacks, and other things digestible and otherwise that I eat here, were served with the cook's name written upon them. An omelet is sometimes a picture—”

“I've seen omelets that looked like one of Turner's sunsets,” acquiesced Burns.

“Precisely; and when Turner puts down in one corner of his canvas ‘Turner fecit,’ you do not object, but if the cook did that with the omelet you wouldn't like it.”

“No,” said Burns; “but he might fasten a tag to it, with his name written upon that.”

“That is so,” said Homer; “but the result in the end would be the same. The tags would get lost, or perhaps a careless waiter, dropping a tray full of dainties, would get the tags of a good and bad cook mixed in trying to restore the contents of the tray to their previous condition. The tag system would fail.”

“There is but one other way that I can think of,” said Burns; “and that would do no good now, unless we can convey our ideas into the other world. That is for a great poet to lend his genius to the great cook, and make the latter's name immortal by putting it into a poem. Say, for instance, that you had eaten a fine bit of terrapin, done to the most exquisite point. You could have asked the cook's name, and written an apostrophe to her. Something like this, for instance:

O Dinah Rudd, O Dinah Rudd,
Thou art a cook of bluest blood!
Nowhere within
This world of sin
Have I e'er tasted better terrapin.

Do you see?”

“I do—but even then, my dear fellow, the cook would fall short of true fame. Her excellence would be more a matter of hearsay evidence,” said Homer.

“Not if you went on to describe in a keenly analytical manner the virtues of that particular bit of terrapin,” said Burns. “Draw so vivid a picture of the dish that the reader himself would taste that terrapin even as you tasted it.”

“You have hit it!” cried Homer, enthusiastically. “It is a grand plan. But how to introduce it—that is the question.”

“We can haunt some modern poet, and give him the idea in that way,” suggested Burns. “He will see the novelty of it, and will possibly disseminate the idea as we wish it to be disseminated.”

“Done!” said Homer. “I'll begin right away. I feel like going haunting to-night. I'm getting to be a pretty old ghost, but I'll never lose my love of haunting.”

At this point, as Homer spoke, a fine-looking spirit entered the room, and took a seat at the head of the long table at which the regular club dinner was nightly served.

“Why—bless me!” said Homer, his face lighting up with pleasure. “Why—Phidias, is that you?”

“I think so,” said the new-comer, wearily. “At any rate, it's all that's left of me.”

“Come over here and lunch with us,” said Homer. “You know Burns, don't you?”

“Haven't the pleasure,” said Phidias.

The poet and the sculptor were introduced, after which Phidias seated himself at Homer's side.

“Are you any relation to Burns the poet?” the former asked, addressing the Scotchman.

“I *am* Burns the poet,” replied the other.

“You don't look much like your statues,” said Phidias, scanning his face critically.

“No; thank the Fates!” said Burns, warmly. “If I did, I'd commit suicide.”

“Why don't you sue the sculptors for libel?” asked Phidias.

“You speak with a great deal of feeling, Phidias,” said Homer, gravely. “Have they done anything to hurt you?”

“They have,” said Phidias. “I have just returned from a tour of the world. I have seen the things they call sculpture in these degenerate days, and I must confess, who shouldn't, perhaps, that I could have done better work with a baseball bat for a chisel and putty for the raw material.”

“I think I could do good work with a baseball bat too,” said Burns; “but as for the raw material, give me the heads of the men who have sculped me to work on. I'd leave them so that they'd look like some of your Parthenon frieze figures with the noses gone.”

“You are a vindictive creature,” said Homer. “These men you criticise and whose heads you wish to sculp with a baseball bat have done more for you than you ever did for them. Every statue of you these men have made is a standing advertisement of your books, and it hasn't cost you a penny. There isn't a doubt in my mind that if it were not for those statues countless people would go to their graves supposing that the great Scottish Burns were little rivulets and not a poet. What difference does it make to you if they haven't made an Adonis of you? You never set them an example by making one of yourself. If there's deception anywhere it isn't you that is deceived, it is the mortals—and who cares about them or their opinions?”

“I never thought of it in that way,” said Burns. “I hate caricatures—that is, caricatures of myself. I enjoy caricatures of other people, but—”

“You have a great deal of the mortal left in you, considering that you pose as an immortal,” said Homer, interrupting the speaker.

“Well, so have I,” said Phidias, resolved to stand by Burns in the argument. “And I'm sorry for the man who hasn't. I was a mortal once, and I'm glad of it. I had a good time. and I don't care who knows it. When I look about me and see Jupiter the arch-snob of creation, and Mars a little tin warrior who couldn't have fought a soldier like Napoleon with all his alleged divinity, I thank the Fates that they enabled me to achieve immortality through mortal effort. Hang hereditary greatness, I say! These men were born immortals. You and I worked for it, and got it. We know what it cost. It was ours because we earned it, and not because we were born to it. Eh, Burns?”

The Scotchman nodded assent, and the Greek sculptor went on.

“I am not vindictive myself, Homer,” he said. “Nobody has hurt me, and, on the whole, I don't think sculpture is in such a bad way, after all. There's a shoemaker I wot of in the mortal realms who can turn the prettiest last you ever saw, and I encountered a carver in a London eating-house last month who turned out a slice of beef that was cut as artistically as I could have done it myself. What I object to chiefly is the tendency of the times. This is an electrical age, and men in my old profession aren't content to turn out one *chef-d'œuvre* in a lifetime. They take orders by the gross. I waited upon inspiration. To-day the sculptor waits upon custom, and an artist will make a bust of anybody in any material desired as long as he is sure of getting his pay afterwards. I saw a life-size statue of the inventor of a new kind of lard the other day, and what do you suppose the material was? Gold? Not by a great deal. Ivory? Marble even? Not a bit of it. He was done in lard, sir. I have seen a woman's head done in butter; and it makes me distinctly weary to think that my art should be brought so low.”

“You did your best work in Greece,” chuckled Homer.

“A bad joke, my dear Homer,” retorted Phidias. “I thought sculpture was getting down to a pretty low ebb when I had to fashion friezes out of marble; but marble is more precious than rubies alongside of butter and lard.”

“Each has its uses,” said Homer. “I'd rather have butter on my bread than marble; but I must confess that for sculpture it is very poor stuff, as you say.”

“It is indeed,” said Phidias. “For practice it's all right to use butter, but for exhibition purposes—bah!”

Here Phidias, to show his contempt for butter as raw material in sculpture, seized a wooden toothpick and with it modelled a beautiful head of Minerva out of the pat that stood upon the small plate at his side, and before Burns could interfere had spread the chaste figure as thinly as he could upon a piece of bread, which he tossed to the shade of a hungry dog that stood yelping on the river-bank.

“Heavens!” cried Burns. “Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to bricks is as nothing to a Minerva carved by Phidias used to stay the hunger of a ravening cur.”

“Well, it's the way I feel,” said Phidias, savagely.

“I think you are a trifle foolish to be so eternally vexed about it,” said Homer, soothingly. “Of course you feel badly, but, after all, what's the use? You must know that the mortals would pay more for one of your statutes than they would for a specimen of any modern sculptor's art—yes, even if yours were modelled in wine jelly, and the other fellow's in pure gold. So why repine?”

“You'd feel the same way if poets did a similarly vulgar thing,” retorted Phidias. “You know you would. If you should hear of a poet to-day writing a poem on a thin layer of lard or butter, you would yourself be the first to call a halt.”

“No, I shouldn't,” said Homer, quietly. “In fact, I wish the poets would do that. We'd have fewer bad poems to read; and that's the way you should look at it. I venture to say that if this modern plan of making busts and friezes in butter had been adopted at an earlier period the public places in our great cities and our national Walhallas would seem less like repositories of comic art, since the first critical rays of a warm sun would have reduced the carven atrocities therein to a spot on the pavement. The butter school of sculpture has its advantages, my boy, and you should be crowning the inventor of the system with laurel, and not heaping coals of fire on his brow.”

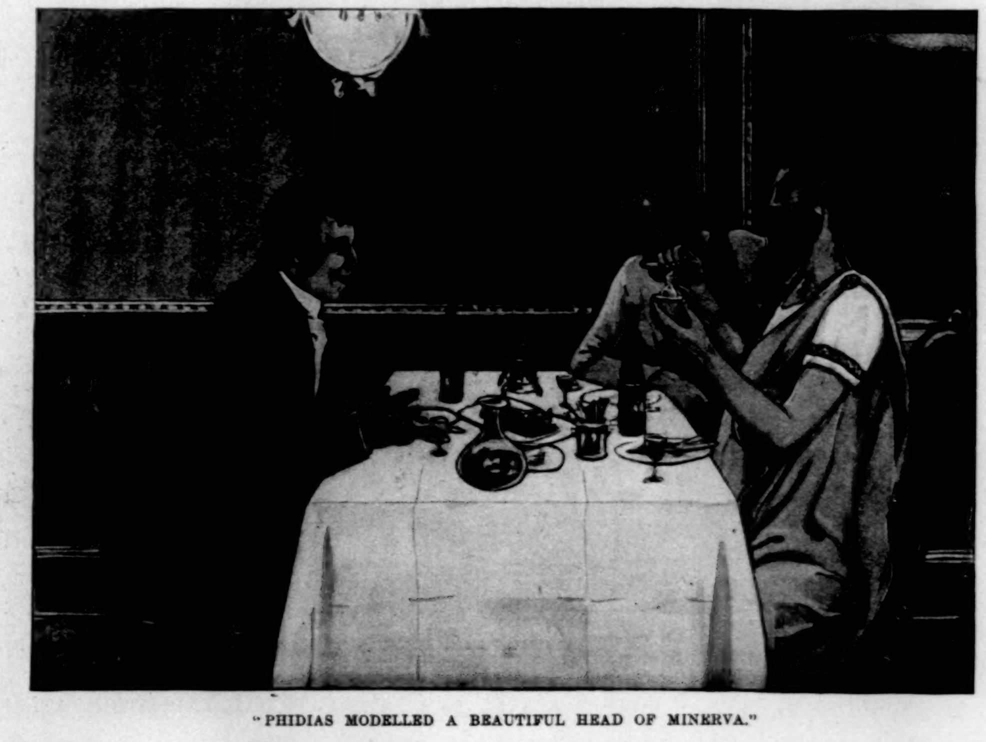
“That,” said Burns, “is, after all, the solid truth, Phidias. Take the brass caricatures of me, for instance. Where would they be now if they had been cast in lard instead of in bronze?”

Phidias was silent a moment.

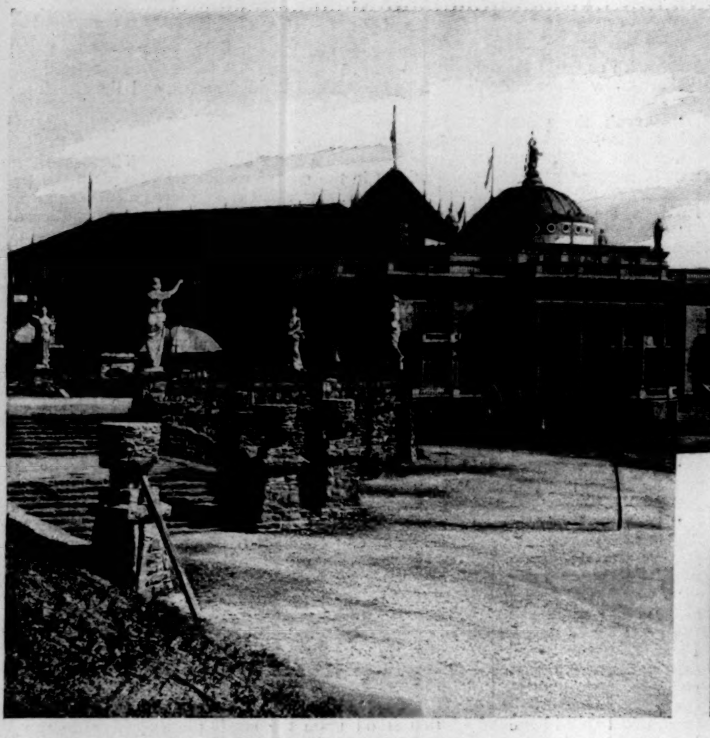
“Well,” he said finally, as the value of the plan dawned upon his mind, “from that point of view I don't know but what you are right, after all, and to show that I have spoken in no vindictive spirit let me propose a toast. Here's to the butter-sculptors. May their butter never give out!”

The toast was drained to the dregs, and Phidias went home feeling a little better.

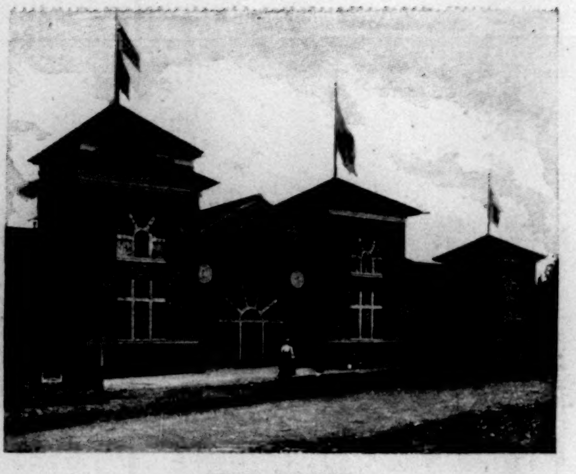
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



“PHIDIAS MODELLED A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF MINERVA.”



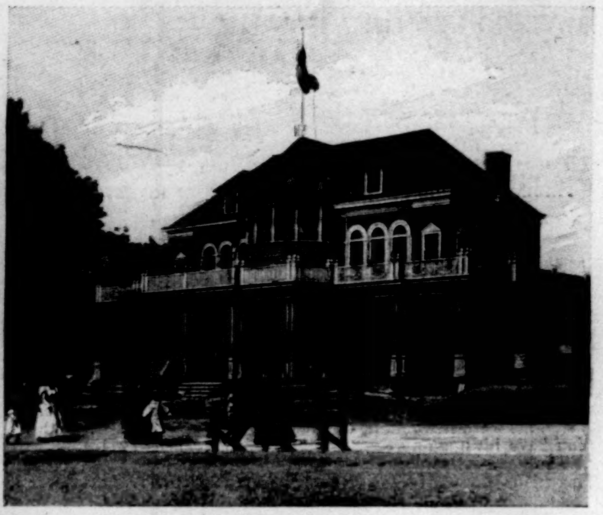
WOMEN'S BUILDING.



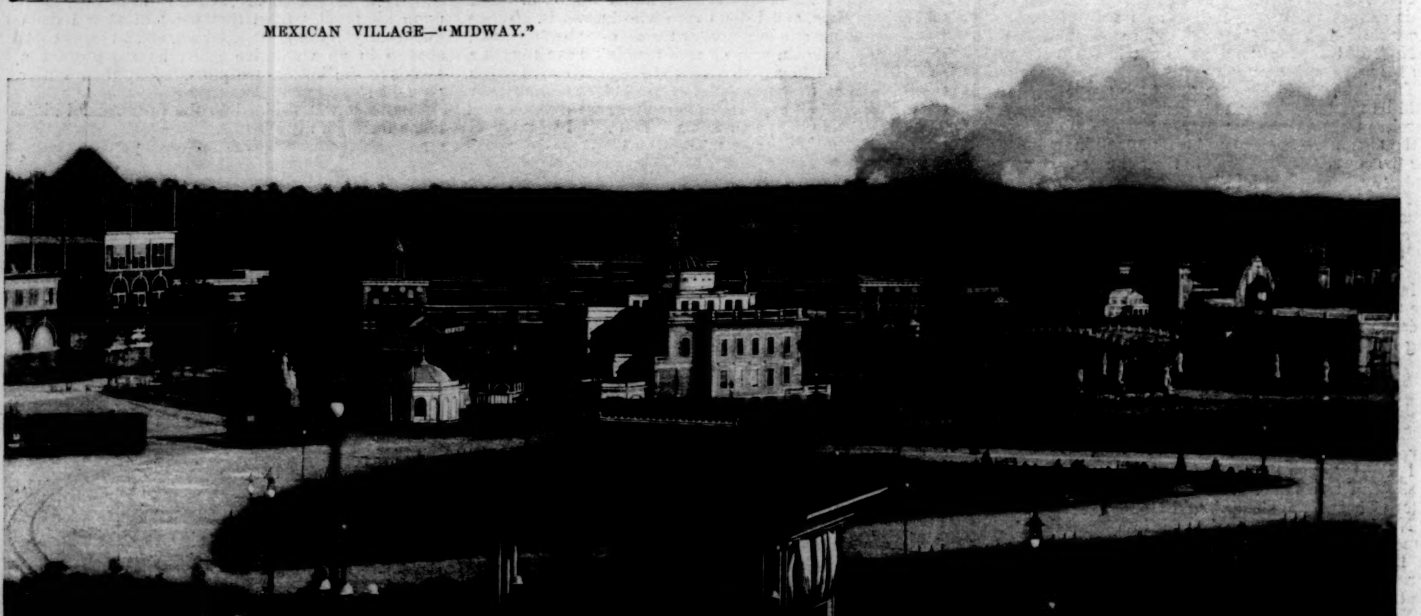
NEGRO BUILDING.

TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

MEXICAN VILLAGE—"MIDWAY."

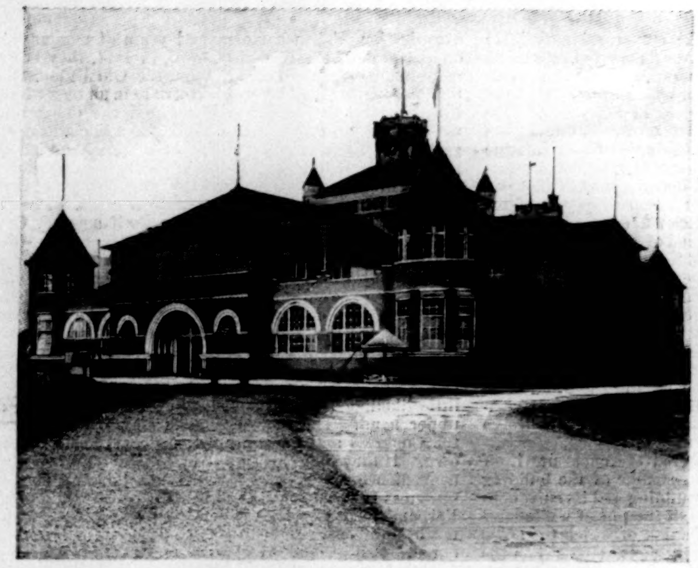


NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.

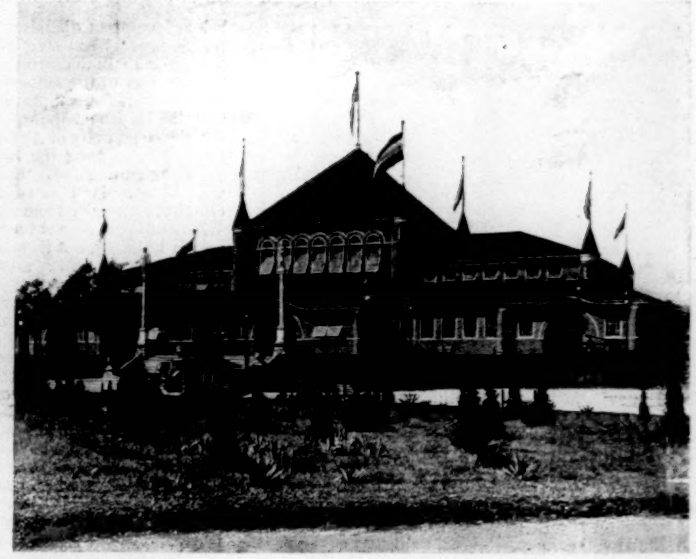


VIEW OF BAND-STAND AND PLAZA FROM NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.

COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

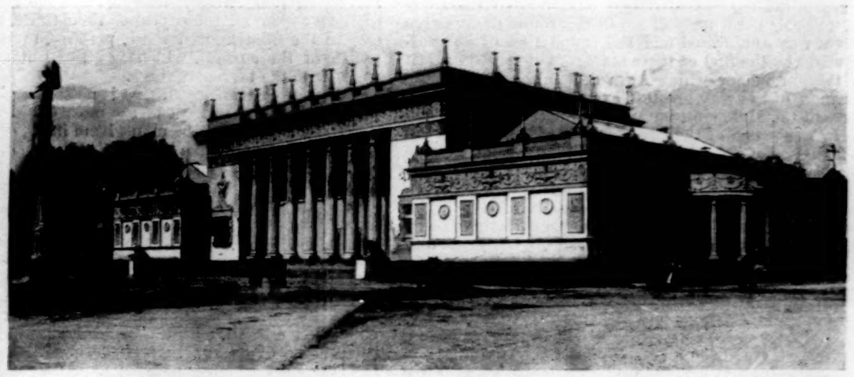


UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

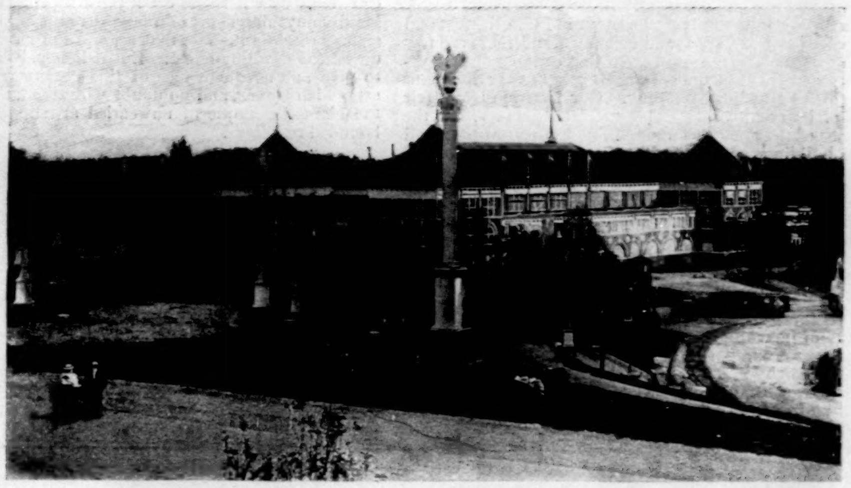


AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING—FISHERIES EXHIBIT.

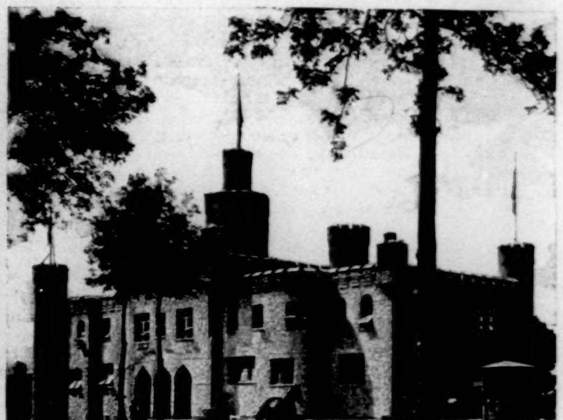


FINE ARTS BUILDING.



MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

ACROSS THE PLAZA FROM THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

NORTHWESTERN INDIA—AGRA.

INDIA under the Moguls had several capitals. This arose from the fact that the capital, like nearly everything else in the empire, was dependent neither on custom nor the will of the people, but solely on that of the reigning monarch. The capital was wherever the emperor chose to live, and as the choice of a Mogul in such matters was nothing unless it was arbitrary, it was often a sufficient reason for one sovereign to live at one place that his predecessor had chosen to live at another.

To this curiously arbitrary custom of the great imperial house of Mohammedan India posterity owes the architectural wonders which in some respects render Agra preeminent among the cities of India. Two of the earlier race of the Mogul emperors, known to history as the greater emperors, made Agra their residence in preference to Delhi, and both were buried there. These were the great Akbar, perhaps the most remarkable of that almost unrivalled line of rulers, who reigned from 1556 until 1605, and his grandson, Shah Jehan, a hardly less remarkable man, who reigned from 1627 till 1658. While the prestige of Agra was established and the foundation of its prosperity laid by the first of these emperors, it was to the last that the supremacy which Agra certainly enjoys in the possession of the very greatest examples of Indian architecture of the Mohammedan period was due.

Agra is not one of the greater cities of the empire, but it is possessed of a character of quiet orderly dignity which is peculiar to itself among Indian cities, and which accords well with the impressive dignity and unrivalled beauty of its great architectural masterpieces. Like all Indian cities, it is busy, but, unlike most, it is neither bustling in its bazars nor squalid in its native quarters. While the city and its immediate neighborhood are full of buildings, palaces, mosques, and tombs, each of which would almost anywhere else be esteemed worthy of examination and admiration, there are three to which the attention of strangers is at once drawn as those in which Agra is wholly unsurpassed, and in one of which the city remains, and probably will always remain, unequalled. These three are the palace of the great Shah Jehan, the Taj Mahal—the mausoleum built by the same emperor in memory of his empress—and the Pearl Mosque, which, although not the largest, is said to be in the most perfect architectural taste of any mosque not merely in India but in the world.

According to the universal custom in India, the fort and the palace at Agra are found combined, and there are few more imposing entrances even in that country of magnificent gateways than the entrance known as the Elephant Gate of the combined building. Our picture gives a fair idea of its architecture and general appearance, but the absence of the color, the abundance of which forms in all these buildings so remarkable a feature, renders it quite impossible to convey the idea of splendor which strikes the eye more even than the beauty of the design and the exquisite finish of the workmanship.

The view across the river Jumna, upon the banks of which Agra, like Delhi, is built, is chiefly remarkable for the foreground of the great placid stream, and the distant prospect of the most splendid of all memorial buildings to be found even in India, where such edifices abound—the mausoleum of the Taj Mahal, which rises in all the beauty of its white marble domes and pinnacles from its surrounding gardens of tropical luxuriance. The great external corridor of the palace, from which the view was taken, is a work, however, which of its kind is hardly less worthy of admiration than the famous tomb of the empress of Shah Jehan itself. Its white marble columns and delicate tracery of carved and inlaid marble screens, which serve the purposes of windows in less genial climates, form splendid examples of all that is most admirable in the palace architecture of the East, while the majestic width of the corridor itself illustrates the generous provision made by the designer for the luxurious comfort of the royal Mogul, who, according to history, was equally at home in the hardships of frequent campaigns of conquest and in the luxurious repose of peace.

The view from the opposite side of the palace shows, beyond the gardens, the great pile of the famous Pearl Mosque, the unknown architect of which succeeded in producing probably the finest effect ever obtained in an interior without any pictorial embellishment, which is, of course quite inadmissible in a place of Mohammedan worship. This has been done by the use of marble veined with delicate tints of blue and gray with which the whole interior surface of the mosque is lined, which lends to the building the strange effect which is commemorated in the name bestowed upon it by general consent. The building is besides remarkable for the extraordinary delicacy of the construction of the roof and pillars, which gives it an almost fairylike appearance hardly to be found elsewhere. The manner in which the light is admitted into the building seems to an observer to have much to do with the singular effect which has been obtained, and in these days of novelties in architectural construction in Western lands it would be worth while for some ambitious aspirants after fame to learn the lessons that may be found embodied in the great mosque of Shah Jehan, now two and a half centuries old.

The central point of attraction, however, to the stranger at Agra must always be the wonderful building known as the Taj Mahal, at once the tomb and the monument of the empress of Shah Jehan. It is said that on the spot where the tomb now stands there was once a sort of summer palace, where the great Mogul and his family spent part at least of the year, as it was the favorite residence of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Here, the story goes, she had asked him to build her the most beautiful palace ever yet constructed as a memorial of his affection for her and of their happiness together. Before anything was done to carry out this design, however, the beloved empress died, leaving the emperor inconsolable for his loss. What he could not do for the living wife he determined still to do for her memory, and the result was the erection of the famous tomb, which remains still the most beautiful example of its class in the world. The building stands on the opposite bank of the Jumna from the palace and city of Agra, and its domes of white marble rising from among the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding garden form the most dazzling object that can well be conceived as seen from almost any part of the city, but especially from the palace itself.

No estimate has ever been formed of the wealth lavished on the building, but that it must have been enormous no one who examines the almost incredible beauty and elaborateness of the workmanship, and the rare and, in some cases, almost priceless character of the material used in its construction, can possibly doubt. The actual execution of the work employed a host of the most skilled laborers obtainable in the Eastern world for twenty-two years, and when it is remembered that the building is small compared with most of those on which emperors have lavished their treasures, some idea of the intricacy of its design and the beauty of its execution may be formed.

The gateway by which we entered the enclosure itself prepared us somewhat for the splendor of the building within. Like every part of the building and its surroundings, this gateway is constructed of the purest white marble polished to the highest perfection of which the stone is capable, while the carving and designs embossed on the surface are remarkable for the elegance and grace of their conception as well as for the perfection of their execution. It is no easy matter to accustom the mind to the idea that this work, hardly less perfect to-day than it was two hundred and fifty years ago, can have stood exposed to the weather all those years. Something, no doubt, is due to the climate, and more, perhaps, to the exquisite polish of the surface, which has fitted it to resist the weather to the best advantage.

Within the enclosure all that is not nature in the shape of trees and flowers, kept in the most exquisite order, is, like the gateway and the mausoleum itself, of pure white marble, and nothing can be conceived more dazzling than the effect. Not a path nor a step nor an inch of the lining of the great tank but reflects back the sun from its surface of polished stone, as white and clean as a palace floor, and leads the eye onwards through a vista of light and shadow to the sparkling front of the great tomb of Shah Jehan and his empress. It is, however, on the interior of the mausoleum that Eastern art, with all its wealth of patient industry, has lavished the best of all it had to offer. The whole interior blazes to-day exactly as it did when first erected, with the perfect reproduction in polished stone of every leaf and flower with which nature has adorned the Indian peninsula. And not one shade of all the exquisite color is produced by any pigment. If a single flower demanded a score of tints to reproduce its perfect beauty, the effect was obtained by the use of a score of different stones without regard to their rarity or value. Nor is the effect injured by marks of joining. Hardly anything short of a microscope would in most instances disclose the fact that art and not nature had produced the dazzling effect. But it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of this consummate work of art, which stands, and no doubt will stand, unrivalled as the highest example of unwearied art supported by unbounded resources.

THE ENGLISH WORKING-MAN AND SOCIALISM.

IT is comparatively easy to understand the resolute action which the English trades-unionists took towards the Socialists in the recent Trades Congress at Cardiff. The Socialists were new-comers in the Congress. Their presence may be dated from about 1889, when the success of the London Dock Strike led to the organization of a large number of new trades unions, established and conducted on very different lines from the unions which had theretofore formed the constituent parts of the Congress. The Congress came into existence in 1867, when there occurred a crisis in the history of modern English trades unions. In that year there had been a government inquiry regarding the outrages committed by a number of the extremists among the trades-unionists of Sheffield. Terrible charges had been brought home to this particular group of unionists, and members of trades unions all over the country were apprehensive that some exceedingly repressive legislation was in store for them. In this time of stress the unions formed a national committee to put their case before the country and before Parliament. Contrary to expectation, Parliament passed no repressive measures. In fact, from the Sheffield inquiry may be dated the beginning of the legislation of the last twenty-seven years, which has resulted in giving the English unions the advantageous position they now hold before the law. The unions were accorded recognition by Parliament, and frequently since 1867 measures have been passed protecting trades-union funds and embodying important amendments in the laws affecting labor, which were suggested and pressed forward by the trades-unionists themselves. In this work of putting their case before Parliament and securing amendments of the labor laws, the Trades Congress, which grew out of the committee of 1867, has rendered excellent services both to organized and unorganized labor.

Until three or four years ago the Congress held a high place in public esteem. It is only since 1890 that it began to degenerate, and became an assembly dominated by the vehement and advanced labor politicians. Nearly all these men were associated with the newer school of trades-unionism. Most of them were Socialists who scorned the conservative methods of the old unions, and made naught of the policy upon which the position of strength of the Old Unionists had been obtained. The New Unionists were mostly unskilled laborers, and were organized almost solely for conflicts with capital. The Old Unionists, on the other hand, have always attached great importance to the friendly society features of their unions—to funds raised not only for the conduct of strikes, but for out-of-work pay, sick pay, removal allowances, and pensions for old age. Many of the old unions have great reserve funds, and their affairs are managed with as much system and caution as those of a bank or a railway corporation.

These old unions had undisputed control of the Trades Congress until the Socialists pushed their way into the organization. Then came several years of manœuvring on the part of the Socialists, until, in 1894, they had so manipulated matters that although the Old Unionists, so far as aggregate membership went, were in an overwhelming majority, the Socialists committed the one million unionists represented in the Congress to a Socialistic programme. All along there had been discontent on the part of the Old Unionists with the new condition of things in the Congress, but the Socialist programme adopted in 1894 brought matters to a crisis. The Old Unionists were in a majority on the Parliamentary Committee, and, backed by a majority of the trades-unionists in the country, the Parliamentary Committee adroitly carried a scheme by which the representation of the New Unionists was at once cut down to its proper proportional limits, and the Old Unionists were able once more to possess themselves of the complete control of the Congress.

Only one Socialist was re-elected to the Parliamentary Committee, and the system of representation and voting in the Congress has now been so remodelled that there is little likelihood of the Socialists ever again getting the upper hand. The New Unionists may withdraw from the Congress and form a national organization of their own. If they take this step it will involve no loss or inconvenience to the Old Unionists. Come what may, the Congress is saved for the Old Unionists, and with the new Parliamentary Committee, constituted as it is, it should not be a difficult matter to get the Congress back into its old and well-recognized place of usefulness. The recent Cardiff Congress shows conclusively that the higher class of English work-people, those of the skilled trades, have no sympathy with Socialism. At one time, when the Socialists were congratulating themselves on having got possession of the Trades Congress, they threatened to work their way into the co-operative movement. The co-operative societies, however, have even less sympathy with Socialism than the Old Trades-Unionists, and what was happening in the Trades Congress between 1890 and 1894 put them on their guard, and in a position to repel the slightest encroachment on an industrial organization of great strength in the Midlands and the north of England.

EDWARD PORRITT.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

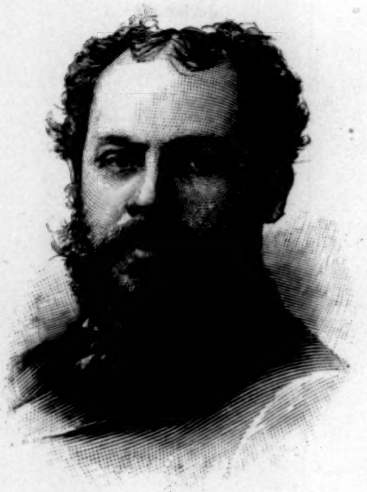
IN William Wetmore Story, who died the other day in Italy, there passed away one of the most versatile, accomplished, and agreeable men of this century. His achievements proved that had he chosen he might have been distinguished in any one of four professions, and in three of these at least he has left behind him lasting memorials of his great capacity. The son of the eminent lawyer and jurist, Mr. Justice Story, he was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1819, and, as was quite natural, after he had been graduated from Harvard College, he studied law. For ten years he practised this profession before the courts of Essex County, and during that time he also wrote and edited several legal works. Some of these are still in use, *A Treatise on Sales of Personal Property* being now in its sixth edition, and *Contracts not under Seal* in its tenth. He also prepared three volumes of *Reports of the Circuit Courts of the United States*. But his taste for the arts, even when he was busiest with his legal work, was calling Mr. Story away from briefs and the logic of recorded precedents. When he was graduated from Harvard in 1838 he was his class poet, and in 1844, before he had abandoned the bar, he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem, on "Nature and Art." Three years later he published his first volume of poems, and a year later he went to Italy, which was thereafter his home. In this historic land he found what he thereafter regarded as his true vocation. He had hesitated between painting, sculpture, and architecture, but his choice fell on sculpture, and it is as a sculptor that he is most generally and widely known. No doubt this is as he would have wished it to be. But he did not, in thus making his choice, abandon either literature or music. Those who knew him best always felt that in music, of which he was passionately fond, he might have expressed himself with great power and felicity. His drama, *Nero*, showed an admirable capacity for the picturesque, while his *Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks about Rome*, is an invaluable contribution to the literature for tourists. His *Life and Letters of Joseph Story* showed to the world that great man his father in a charmingly intimate way, and is a model of what such a work should be. So even if W. W. Story had done nothing save write, his memory would be safe from oblivion. But the sculptor did even more charming work than the writer. He contributed many portrait busts and statues, and among the public monuments of great Americans his are distinguished by being not only memorials, but always genuine works of art. Among these are statues of his father, of Chief-Justice Marshall, Edward Everett, George Peabody, and William Cullen Bryant. Among his best known ideal statues are Cleopatra, Helen, Alcestis, Sappho, Electra, and Medea.

Mr. Story was as well known in Europe as in America, and he received orders in both France and Italy. While Oxford University in England conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., Harvard had already given him the degree of LL.B. He was a strikingly handsome and graceful man, both beauty and grace being enhanced by a modesty which amounted almost to shyness. His sons Waldo and Julian have both won recognition as artists, the former as a sculptor, the latter as a painter.

"HULLY G!"

G STANDS for Goo Goo,
  As good as can be.
He won't vote for Croker
  Or Mr. Tom P.;
Nor yet for the Counties
  Or Jimmy O'B.
  Oh, he cannot agree
  With the Chamber of C.,
And fall into line
  With its big Committee
  Of Fiftee.
  So, says he:
  "Since to vote is my *duty*,
  I'll just vote for ME!"

H. G. PAINE.



HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Born in Fredericksvarn, Norway, September 23, 1848, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen died on October 4th at Southampton, Long Island. Professor Boyesen, who filled the chair of Germanic Languages and Literature in Columbia College almost up to the very day of his death, was carried away by a sudden attack of rheumatism of the heart.

Professor Boyesen's career was a highly honorable one. By dint of natural talent and industry he gained distinction in the United States at an early age. Boyesen sprang from an intellectual and educated parentage, his father having been Professor of Mathematics at the Naval Academy at Fredericksvarn. In one of his works, called *My Lost Self*, Boyesen describes his young life. Escaping from the study-room, he would frequent the servants' quarters, and listen "spellbound to the old ballads, fairy tales, and traditions which were recounted there during the winter's night." Hence came that vein of romance which so happily colors Boyesen's writings. Having studied at the Christiania Gymnasium and at Leipsic, he graduated from the University of Norway in 1868. In 1869, with his brother, he arrived in New York. Going first to Ohio, some time later on Boyesen assumed the editorship of a Norwegian paper published in Chicago. But Norwegian as a language was not sufficient for him. The ambition to write in English, to make a reputation as an English author, to master English, fired him. He resigned his position as editor and took a tutorship in the Urbana University, Ohio. Somebody has said, "If you want to know a subject perfectly write a book about it." In the same way it is supposable that Boyesen, wishing to acquire English, taught English. In 1874 Boyesen was appointed instructor of German in Cornell, and in 1880 took a similar place at Columbia College. In 1882 he became Professor of the German Language, and in 1890 a chair of Germanic Languages and Literature was made for him in Columbia College.

Thoroughly conversant with the ways, manners, the legends, of the Norseman, Boyesen first attracted attention as an author by his *Gunnar, a Norse Romance*. *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*, *Tales from Two Hemispheres*, *Falconberg*, *Göthe and Schiller*, followed. Among his latest writings *A Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen*, *The Saga of Eric the Red*, *The Novelist's Art of Characterization*, *The Feud of the Wildhaymen*, and *The Evolution of the Heroine* may be cited.

Professor Boyesen's command of English was wonderfully good, his literary style excellent. As a lecturer he was singularly impressive.

GENERAL WILLIAM MAHONE.

William Mahone, who was a general in the Confederate service and a United States Senator, was born at Monroe, in Southampton County, Virginia, in 1827. Smitten by paralysis, he died at Washington on the 8th of October.

William Mahone's career was an eventful one. His father, who was an Irishman, kept a way-side inn in a small village of Virginia, and the days of William Mahone's boyhood were passed with the hunting and carousing planters of that early period. When still a stripling he seemed to have tired of such surroundings, and, it is said, walked one hundred miles to Richmond so as to find employment. Some of his old planting friends saw merit in the lad, and secured for him a place as a student in the State Military Institute. Graduating with honors, he became a teacher of mathematics and tactics in the Rappahannock Academy. Two years of pedagogy were sufficient for Mahone, and he found a more congenial employment as engineer on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The most indefatigable of workers, he was selected to take charge of the Norfolk and Petersburg road, then under construction. He became president of this road, which position he held when the civil war broke out.

Mahone entered the Confederate service as Colonel of the Sixth Virginia, and was soon promoted to the command of a brigade. He took part in the defence of Richmond and Petersburg, and was of service in checking McClellan's advance. At Richmond he became Division Commander, and he followed General Lee's move to the North. Mahone was present at the second battle of Bull Run, Chantilly, Antietam, Sharpsburg, and Cold Harbor. At Petersburg he particularly distinguished himself. Gettysburg and Lee's final defeat completed Mahone's military career.

As a soldier Mahone showed many remarkable traits. He had little of the Celtic dash, and was possessed of much caution and clearness of judgment. He had the military instinct. It may be said that he never was

(*Continued on page 1002.*)

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free by mail large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

YOUNG MOTHERS should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.—[*Adv.*]

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address, Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 127 E. 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Use Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. 50c. and $1.00

NO line in the world equals the New York Central in the comfort and speed of its trains and the beauty and variety of its scenery.

In the opinion of a prominent English expert, the New York Central possesses the most perfect system of block signals in the world.

8¾ hours, New York to Buffalo; 9¼ hours, New York to Niagara Falls; 24 hours, New York to Chicago; 21¼ hours, New York to Cincinnati; 29¾ hours, New York to St. Louis, via the New York Central.

The most comfortable route to St. Louis is the New York Central.

The best line to Cincinnati is the New York Central, through Buffalo and Cleveland.

The direct line to Niagara Falls is the New York Central.

Travelling by the New York Central, you start from the centre of the city of New York, and reach the centre of every important city in the country.

Pears'

Can I afford to use it?

Yes; you can't afford not to; but that is not the reason for using it.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

For Beauty,

For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headaches, Racking Colds or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure.

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable.

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
Sold everywhere in 50c and $1 bottles.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

The Shawknit Half-Hose

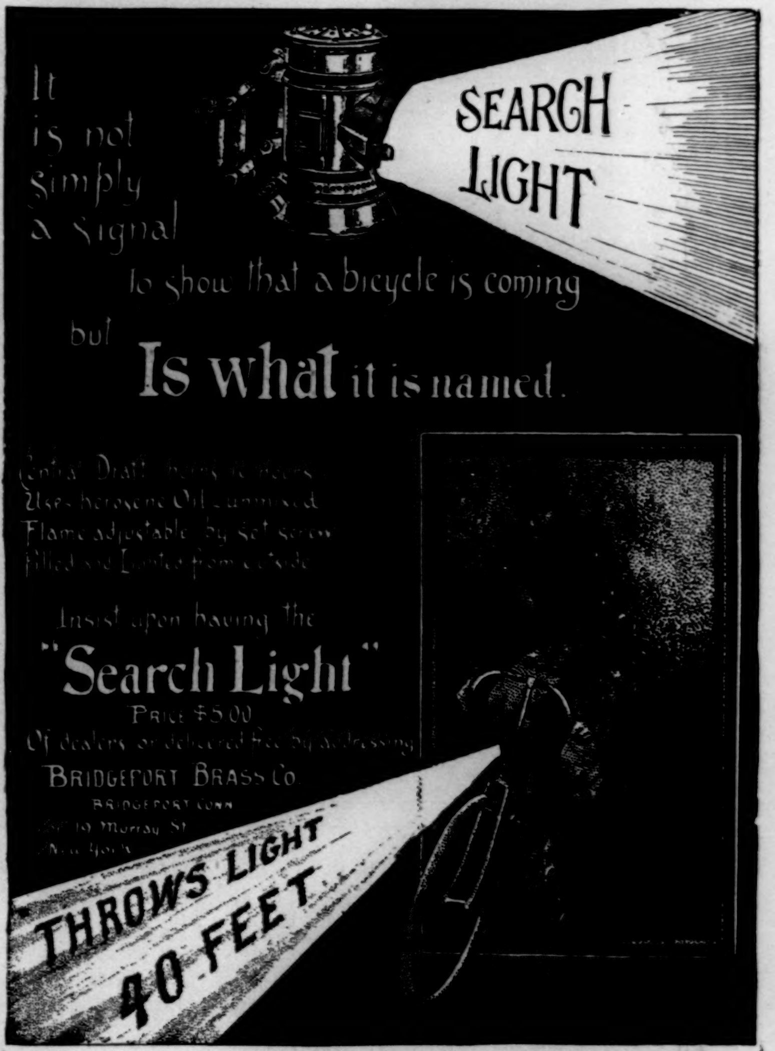
TRADE MARK.

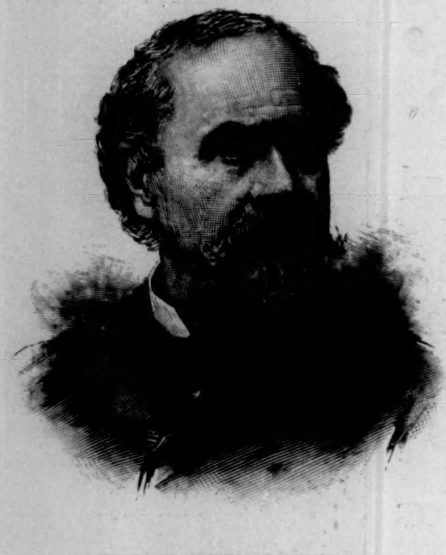
Are so constructed as to **Fit.**

They contain NO BUNCHES,
They contain NO PERCEPTIBLE SEAMS,
They contain NOTHING to ANNOY and are made of
The BEST YARNS and in a Great Variety of Attractive Styles.

Look for the trade-mark on the toe.
Send for Descriptive Price-List.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.



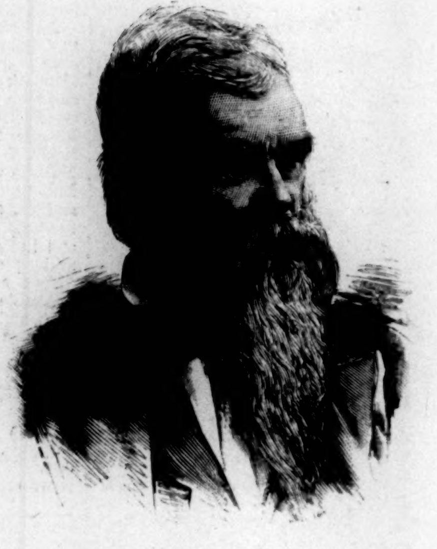


WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.
Died October 7, 1895.—[See Page 1000.]

(*Continued from page* 1001.)

caught napping, and that he knew how to carry out practically such higher strategy as he had studied only theoretically in his days of tutorship. He was always ready to fend or strike, and so "Billy Mahone" was considered by his opponents as a dangerous adversary in the game of war. As a lesson on war his Crater fight at Petersburg has a touch of genius in it.

After the collapse of the Confederacy, as was natural, Mahone turned his attention to the railroad interests of his State. This was certain, sooner or later, to bring him into active politics. In 1877 he became a candidate for the nomination of Democratic Governor of Virginia. Mahone is not to be designated as unscrupulous in politics, only he was over-inclined to carry into civil contests the combined methods of a general and a high railroad official. He was impatient of any obstacle thrown in his way, and was careless or indifferent as to the methods with which he might overcome it. When defeated for the nomination of Governor, he threw his influence on the side of Colonel Holloway. When Holloway was elected, the Governor was by no means inclined to remain under Mahone's tutelage. Then Mahone cut himself entirely adrift from the Democratic party. In 1879, as leading spirit and chairman of the Readjuster party, he was in a measure successful, and was elected Senator for 1881. But to be Governor of his native State was his ambition. In 1889 he was nominated for the place by the Republican party, and was beaten by 50,000 votes. This defeat seemed to have chagrined Mahone, who after that never sought for a post of personal advantage to himself in Virginia. For the last seven years General Mahone had no possible influence in national politics. As a soldier William Mahone was by far a stronger man than as a politician.



GENERAL WILLIAM MAHONE.
Died October 8, 1895.—Photograph by Bell.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LATTER END of a contract is vastly more important than the front end.

Five dollars saved on a premium is a trifle; five thousand dollars lost by bad security when the claim falls due is not a trifle.

Always try to find out which is likely to live longest, you or the company you insure in; and therefore whether the company is insuring you or you are insuring the company.

A thing you can't get after you have paid for it isn't cheap at half a cent.

THE TRAVELERS
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Is the Oldest Accident Company in America, the Largest in the World, and has never reorganized or frozen out any of its claimants.

Rates as low as will give permanent security of receiving the face value of the policy.

Policies world-wide, and *as liberal as consistent with the Company's keeping alive to pay claims at all.*

Assets, $17,664,000. Suplus, $2,472,000.
Paid Policy-Holders, $27,000,000
$2,151,000 in 1894.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRESIDENT.
RODNEY DENNIS, SECRETARY.

Legal Notices.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement in "The City Record" commencing on the 30th day of September, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessment for opening and acquiring title to 134th St., between 3d and Brook Aves., in the 23d Ward.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, September 30, 1895.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement in "The City Record" commencing on the 23d day of September, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following streets and avenues in the following wards:

Twelfth Ward. 9th Ave. from 201st St. to Kingsbridge Road; 111th St. from Amsterdam Ave. to Riverside Ave.; Isham St. from 10th Ave. to Kingsbridge Road.

Twenty-third Ward. 135th St. between 3d and Willis Aves.

Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards. Plympton Ave. from Orchard St. to Boscobel Ave.

Twenty-fourth Ward. Briggs Ave. from Southern Boulevard to Mosholu Parkway; 174th St. from Vanderbilt Ave. East, to 3d Ave.

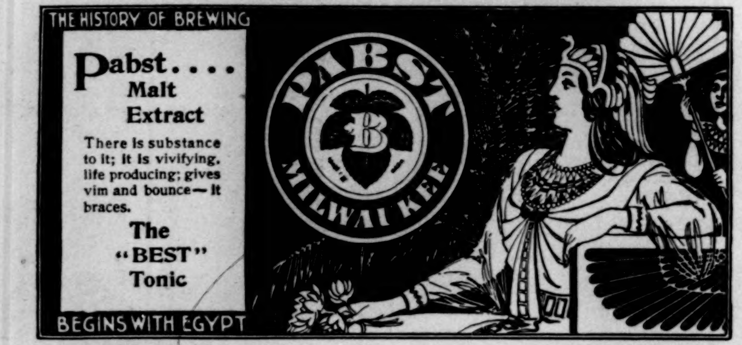
ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, September 30, 1895.

A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By specially chartered steamer "Friesland" (7,116 tons), Jan. 29, 1896, visiting **Bermuda, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Alhambra, Algiers, Cairo**; 10 days in **Palestine, Beyrout, Ephesus, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, Nice**; only $550 and up, excursions, fees, etc., included. Send for programme.
F. C. CLARK, 111 Broadway, New York.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.
For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor-room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St., N. Y.

TEUTONIC IS KING PIN
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT & HOPS
FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA etc.
S. LIEBMANN'S SON'S BREWING CO.
36 FORREST ST BROOKLYN, N.Y.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
TEUTONIC IS A DELIGHTFUL TABLE BEVERAGE.



Pabst.... Malt Extract
There is substance to it; it is vivifying, life producing; gives vim and bounce—it braces.
The "BEST" Tonic

Cortez CIGARS FOR MEN OF BRAINS
HERNAN CORTEZ

There is just something which makes one cigar better than another; we have that something.

Part of this knowledge is our secret, part we tell you in our booklet, which is free for the asking, and will convince you quickly.

We will mail 12 sample cigars for $1.00.
It will profit you to look.
CORTEZ CIGAR COMPANY, KEY WEST.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR
(Czar's Violets)
CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11, place de la Madeleine, PARIS

TRY VIO-VIOLET A NEW
LUNDBORG PERFUME

A true and lasting Violet in the handsomest package on the market.
PRICE, $1.75 PER BOTTLE.
For Sale by Dealers or will be sent on receipt of price by
LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay St., New York.

No. 4711. Essence OF RHINE ★ VIOLETS
(*Name Registered.*)
THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

Wonderfully true to nature and more lasting than any other scent of its name. A specialty *par excellence*.

All the rage in Europe at the present time.

Be sure that you get the
"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.

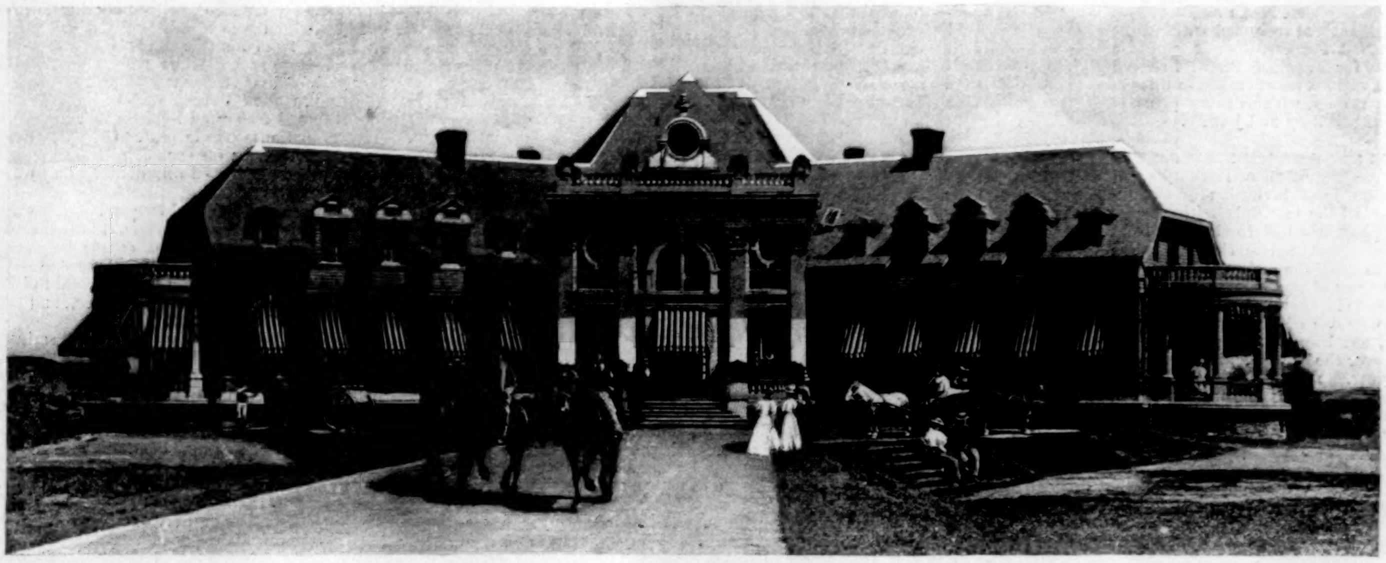
DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums
New, scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
THE DRUM IN POSITION
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: { 101 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
1122 Broadway, New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

Guerlain
15, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

Most Exquisite Retail Perfumery
The elegant and fashionable Parisian World uses:
Eau de Cologne Impériale, Sapoceti, a special soap;
Creme de Fraises and ***Face Powder*** suitable for ladies in all climes.
Jicky, Belle France: Extracts for the handkerchief and scent-bottle. ***Alcoolat de Roses*** for the hair.



THE NEW GOLF CLUB HOUSE, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

AMATEUR · SPORT

HARVARD AND YALE WILL NOT MEET in football this autumn, nor in baseball and rowing next spring and summer; in fact, save at the Intercollegiate Athletic Championships in May, athletes of these two universities will not meet again for a year at least in any branch of sport. Were it not that the readers of this Department will probably expect some comment on the facts which have led to this severance of athletic relationship, I should pass over in silence details in which there is nothing to commend and much to sicken a sportsman, and come instantly to a discussion of the matter on the broad lines of amateur sport. And, as it is, I shall merely touch upon the *casus belli* and the subsequent manœuvres which have contributed to make the campaign a memorable and praiseworthy one in the history of university athletics. I have no heart for the sensational skirmishing which has marked some periods of the engagement, and those seeking its exploitation must look elsewhere; it will not be found here.

UNTIL THE DEVELOPMENT OF THIS DIFFERENCE between Harvard and Yale, I have always deplored that wretched exhibition of ruffianism at Springfield last November, and the warped sportsmanship which its subsequent discussion revealed. Since the definite settlement of the difference I hail that football battle as a blessing in disguise. If the contest had been twice as brutal, and the wrangles and accusations which followed it infinitely more bitter and ill-advised, I should still hail the game as a savior of college football to come. I should hail anything, indeed, as a blessing that cooled the frenzied athleticism which has possessed us for the past two years. And thus without intention the 1894 football elevens of Harvard and Yale fought for the future welfare of college sport, and must so descend to posterity *nolentes volentes*. But this is the deliberate view of one who has been called a crank on the subject of purity and wholesomeness in athletics; it probably does not represent the opinion of even the maturer *alumni*, though a calm of several months has intervened since the first shock of the storm.

AND NOW FOR A BRIEF RÉSUMÉ. After that game at Springfield certain Harvard *alumni*, in righteous indignation at the brutality of play and in the bitterness of defeat, gave vent to their sentiments through the columns of the daily press. It was gratifying that at least and at last one or two of those connected with university football showed courage enough to condemn what sportsmen had been bewailing for two seasons. The manner of the *alumni* protests, however, was neither wise nor likely to be remedial. It was simply an expression of individual opinion, and praiseworthy because of its honesty and vigor. But the ears into which those protests should have been poured belonged to the faculties and *alumni* of the interested universities, and not to the public, which had suffered enough as a helpless witness of the affray. The public has always been made the unoffending target at which rival colleges have hurled their shots in hopes of scoring each other. If *alumni* had done more vigorous protesting within their own domain we should have been spared the many petty squabbles of the last few years. If the *alumni* of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell, had met in rational conference, the flying-wedge and momentum plays would have been entirely eliminated immediately after the one season's experience, which stamped them as harmful to the sport and prejudicial to the game's place in public opinion. If *alumni* had had the interest of football at heart rather than individual exploitation, we should not this year witness Yale and Princeton playing under one set of rules, while Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Cornell perform under yet another. There has been too much thirsting for notoriety and too little consideration for the sport, too much sport for advertisement and too little sport for the game's sake. And this is not a particular but a general criticism.

THE UNIVERSITY ALUMNI HAVE HAD THE POWER any time within the past five years to put on the brakes, and they ought to have had judgment enough to know where and at what time to apply them. But they remained passive, while football, through plays they could have forbidden, grew to be called "brutal" by the public, and to be regarded with ill-concealed disapproval by more than one college faculty. That the game attained so unenviable and certainly unfortunate a reputation is due absolutely and solely to the indifference of those *alumni* having the rules in their care and the players under their coaching. And in the face of this the attitude of Harvard towards the rules is simply incomprehensible. Harvard, the first offender, still retains her flying plays, despite the untoward experiences of last season, despite the fact that these very plays were answerable for the increased roughness to which her faculty so strongly objected last winter, despite the much-proclaimed wish for reform.

THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON why the choice of a newspaper medium for the expression of *alumni* disapproval was particularly unhappy anent that Springfield game. Yale suffered as much from the roughing as Harvard, and all the *alumni* were agreed that its appearance at all was lamentable and demanded expulsion. Strong feelings should have been directed to the immediate convention of athletic legislators for the adjustment of differences and correction of rules. I am not excusing anything that happened last autumn; this Department expressed itself at that time, and has no reason now to change its views, nor am I directing my criticism at any individual more than to take his action as part of an exceedingly bad and conventional system which I unequivocally condemn. I maintain that if athletic committees and *alumni* had shown as much earnestness and force in the legislative hall as they have outside of it, we should have been spared our disappointment in their sound sense. We should have had a higher order of sportsmanship among the players. If the graduates had shown more temperance, the undergraduates would not have developed such ferocity of play. A cool commander insures similar traits in his men.

AFTER HARVARD'S UNOFFICIAL EXPLOSION in the newspapers Yale ostentatiously fêted the player against whom the burden of this newspaper criticism had been directed, and some of whose work on the football field had received and deserved the unqualified censure of unprejudiced spectators. Winter passed, with football at Harvard hanging in the balance for its very life until President Eliot's return, and his sound and unanswerable argument swayed faculty decision and saved the game for that university. So soon as this decision was made known, Captain Brewer, of Harvard, wrote Captain Thorne, of Yale, asking a meeting in Springfield to discuss the football game of '95. Whereupon the now famous Thorne letter, which was not written by Thorne at all, but represented the combined effort of Professor Richards, Judge Howland, and Mr. Elder, startled the collegiate world. It asked official retraction of statements it cited as unofficial, and was neither diplomatic nor logical in the demand for retraction before Yale would arrange for a game with Harvard. It was a remarkable effusion, the more so because of the distinguished source whence it came.

TO THIS DEMAND HARVARD made the only reply she could naturally and consistently—inability officially to retract what had never been officially uttered, and regret that Yale's declination to play football would follow such inability. Later, at a general meeting of Harvard's captains and Athletic Committee, it was agreed to support the football captain, and that should Yale persist in her attitude it must affect all sports between the two universities—that there must, in other words, be a meeting in all sports or in none. This also was eminently consistent.

So the three letters which are the only official ones exchanged left the situation thus: 1st, Harvard's usual request for a game; 2d, Yale's demand, before consenting to a game, for retraction of what Harvard had not said; 3d, Harvard's written disclaimer of official responsibility for the obnoxious comments, and regret at termination of athletic relationship.

The summer passed, and both Harvard and Yale *alumni*, wherever they met, mourned the unfortunate condition of affairs between their *almæ matres*, and promised one an-

GOLF-LINKS, NEWPORT.

other the situation would be cleared of its embarrassments once college term began and the football season was opening. But these reckoned without their host, just as I did when first I knew of the attempt making by prominent *alumni* for a reconciliation. I shall not go into the detail of the various efforts made to this end. There were three different ones, with as many plans, by Harvard and Yale *alumni* severally and jointly.

THE ONE MOST COMMENDABLE was that which suggested a meeting of all of Harvard's and Yale's athletic captains, on joint invitation of the prominent New York *alumni* of the two universities, to discuss future contests in football, baseball, rowing, and track athletics. It seemed to me at the time Harvard could have accepted this settlement of the difference with no loss of dignity and a great show of sportsmanship. But I believed then and do still that Harvard, in feeling her proper position in the matter to be one of passiveness, was entirely right and perfectly consistent. She had proved she harbored no feelings over the Springfield contest by the request for a game this year. Yale had practically declined that request by imposing an impossible and unreasonable condition; it was eminently fitting, therefore, that the next overture should come from Yale. That none was forth-coming may have been due to Harvard's declaration that the letter should be published in the *Harvard Graduate Magazine*—an insistence which at first seems to smack of that dreaded *penchant* for newspaper ventilation of which I have written, but which careful consideration proves to have been in simple fairness to the Athletic Committee's position before its undergraduates.

NO PREVIOUS PART OF THE DISCUSSION had been withheld from the public, to say nothing of the undergraduate body; Yale's letter had found its way to the daily papers. It was really no more than justice that Yale's second epistolary effort should be given equal publicity, and it may be said, in passing, the second would have created vastly more favorable comment than the first. Harvard has been ready at any time within the past four months to let the dead past bury its dead immediately on receipt of a mere invitation from Thorne to Brewer to meet him for a talk over a game this year. Such a letter would have been manly and altogether proper. That it was not written seems traceable to the Yale faculty, and as Professor Richards is of that body, and was one of the triumvirate responsible for the first letter, it is not unfair to identify him with the opposition to a second letter. If this assumption is unwarranted I shall be glad to correct it.

HARVARD'S COURSE IN THIS UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS has been consistent and fair, while Yale seems to have been worshipping at the shrine of strange gods. It was against the protest of her most tried advisers that the first letter was sent; and it was despite the counsel of these advisers that a second letter was not written. There is nothing more to be said on the merits of the positions assumed by the respective universities. But I cannot dismiss the subject without publicly declaring my regret that the voices of two of Yale's hitherto most trusted and tried *alumni*—George A. Adee and Walter Camp—should not have been dominant in this controversy. Had their counsel prevailed the first letter would have never been sent, or, having been sent, would have been followed by a second. I trust neither will seek the retirement from the athletic council their long services have certainly earned them; I should regard the day George Adee ceased to be Yale's athletic balance-wheel as most portentous to that university.

And this is the end of the first lesson.

NOW FOR THE SECOND AND MORE IMPORTANT LESSON. This Harvard-Yale trouble illustrates so emphatically the unhealthy spirit of to-day that we cannot ignore its teachings. I have earlier in this discussion alluded to the Springfield game and all that it has meant to Harvard and Yale in disputes, recriminations, and severance of athletic relationship, as memorable and praiseworthy—an assertion which is as paradoxical as it is sincere. That game and all this wrangle have, if I mistake not, brought faculties, *alumni*, sportsmen, all of us, with a full stop, to a complete realization of the pace with which we have been following our sporting hobby, and the intensity of endeavor that has obtained in our competitive games. We have worked ourselves in the last three years into a veritable athletic hysteria. We have lost sight of playing for the sake of the game in the feverish wish for victory. The game has been taken too seriously, and the desire to win grown too fervid; preparations have been on too elaborate a scale, and the result of contest invested with too much importance. We have been making a business of our sport, and ignored the true essence of wholesome athletics—sport for sport's sake only.

BECAUSE OF THIS, OUR FOOTBALL-PLAYERS have been herded to special training-grounds and given from two to six weeks' preliminary instruction before the regular college term began; admission fees to games have been advanced; an unwholesome bidding for preparatory school players countenanced; natural and laudable rivalry stretched to bitterness; and the sporting atmosphere of our universities has become laden with mystery, duplicity, and business. The whole tenor has been discordant rather than harmonious, and the sport was bound to suffer as it has. It has always been possible for faculties and *alumni* to restrain this unhealthful development by the mere issuance of a few simple rules. There was never a time that slugging and viciousness in football play could not have been stopped had faculties and *alumni* made a rule, and elected two umpires to enforce it, disqualifying a player from the game on first offence, and for the second offence ruling him off the field for the entire season. Will any one say this would not have remedied the case? But no. Everybody has sat down and waited for somebody else to take the initiative, and consequently nobody has done anything. Furthermore, *alumni* have too often been carried off their feet by the desire for success, and faculties generally ignored the subject entirely, or else committed quite as grave an error by threatening to forbid the game altogether.

That football and all sport is a desirable and worthy incident to university life is patent to those who read the signs of the times. But that sport or any field of human endeavor may be developed to an unwholesome degree is equally undeniable.

I AM CONVINCED THE SPRINGFIELD GAME and its attendant results have brought home to us the need for concerted and mature action for the preservation of college sport on proper lines. I believe I recognize in this difference between Harvard and Yale a deeper significance than attaches to the mere determining of the better team. It seems to me, indeed, an awakening of a new spirit; an evidence of the recognition of the true position and value of sport to the undergraduate; a final declaration for *mens sana in corpore sano*. I heard the same spirit asserting itself last year in Provost Harrison's, of the University of Pennsylvania, appeal to his eleven, that every man "play as a sportsman and a gentleman." I read it again this year in President Schurman's address to Cornell, which is so strong and so good I take the liberty of quoting an excerpt:

> "We at Cornell have decided to regulate the game of football and prohibit many games in large cities. Not brutality in football, nor loss of time, but general lack of sportsmanship among those conducting them, is the great danger to inter-collegiate athletics. The desire for victory is too great. Sportsmanship is in playing for the sake of the game, and not for the sake of victory."

These are the sentiments that ensure a common-sense adjustment of football difficulties and the maintenance of university sport on a wholesome basis; that promise the forbiddance of preliminary training seasons, the promulgation of satisfactory rules common to all, the lessening of the business atmosphere which now envelops athletic contests, and the infusion of a spirit of sport for sport's sake rather than for the mere sake of winning.

AND LET US HAVE THIS YEAR some substantial evidence that this new spirit is not merely to reveal itself in the passing. The need is urgent and the way apparent. There ought to be a meeting of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Cornell, each university to be represented by a faculty member, an *alumnus*, and an undergraduate, appointed by the president. When these had discussed rules, preliminary training, and prices of admission; had voted to choose two umpires, to rule a slugger out of the game for the season, to restrict undergraduates to one 'varsity team a year, to suppress the miserable tendency to ventilate grievances in the newspapers, and visit university penalties on newspaper correspondents that deal in false and sensational news, then they should decide to henceforth elect the University Athletic Club as arbiter in all matters of athletic dispute. A committee of this club would contain members of all the interested colleges, it would be above impulse and prejudice, and actuated in its decisions only by a sense of justice and the welfare of college sport.

THE HARVARD-PRINCETON MEETING furnishes the first opportunity, since the quickening of the new "spirit," to test its sincerity. Harvard has acted like a sportsman in challenging Princeton, and agreeing to the latter's grounds for the first game, which was proper, since it was Harvard that broke off their athletic relations in '89. The differences in the rules each has fathered this year necessitate compromise. Since all are agreed that two sets of rules are not in the best interests of football—and absurd into the bargain—why is this not an excellent chance for Harvard and Princeton to invite the others to a conference on the subject, and request the University Athletic Club to appoint a committee to revise the rules for all, and at once clear the situation of its embarrassments? Harvard's challenge includes a game this year at Princeton and one next year at Cambridge. Either November 2d or 9th will be this season's date.

THE INTERNATIONAL HALF-RATER yacht-race required seven days' sailing to determine the winner, and the work of these midgets about the line and when close together in the races was equally as interesting as that of the great Cup racers.

Quite a large fleet of steam and sailing yachts was in the harbor when the two diminutive champions towed out astern of their respective launches for the first race. The *Oneida*, flag-ship of the club, was turned over by Commodore Benedict to the Regatta Committee, Messrs. C. W. Wetmore, W. L. Kerr, C. A. Sherman, Dr. Valentine Mott, and Oliver E. Cromwell. Mr. Brand's representative, Mr. H. K. Sturdee, was also aboard, while Mr. Field was represented in the first two races by Mr. F. B. Jones, and in the others by Mr. W. P. Stephens.

The day was intensely hot, with only a breath of air stirring, and after drifting about until 4.30 both anchored.

The conditions for the second day were much the same, with a light though stronger wind. *Ethelwynn* ended the first round 6 min. 5 sec. ahead. On the second run *Spruce* gained a minute. This soon disappeared when again on the wind, and in the remaining three miles *Ethelwynn* gained, until she led over the finish by 7 min. 41 sec.

The third day was cooler, with a good breeze in the morning, which by noon was very variable, and finally flattened out so the boats could not finish within the time limit.

THE FOLLOWING DAY WAS LITTLE BETTER, with a light south wind without, a northeast breeze in the middle of the Sound, and a provoking area of calms and cat's-paws between, for the first leg of the triangular course. Both set big jibs for a reach, and *Ethelwynn* again crossed the line first well to windward, and at the finish of the third leg led by 3 min. 58 sec.

The wind now fell light, and both were kept dodging between the calm spots. *Spruce* was being ably handled, and doing far better windward work than ever before. She passed *Ethelwynn*, barely weathering the lee end of the line with a lead of but 23 seconds, *Ethelwynn* being some distance to windward.

There was a change of weather when they next met, and it was blowing hard as they crossed the line for the outside course, *Spruce* having one reef in her lug-mainsail, while *Ethelwynn* had two and a very small jib. *Spruce* was beautifully handled from start to finish by her owner, who is both a sailor-man and a sportsman. But *Ethelwynn* was miserably handled, and her owner proved himself neither sailor-man nor sportsman. The rough water frightened Mr. Field—who really should never have trusted his precious body aboard without its being encased in a Paul Boyton non-sinkable suit—to such a degree that after one round he withdrew, and *Spruce*, of course, won.

THE NEXT RACE WAS THE MOST EXCITING of the series. It was rougher, the southwest wind kicking up a sea **inside Oyster Bay as well as outside, and the committee** was divided as to choice of course, Mr. Brand preferring the outside, which was finally selected. Mr. Field had not recovered from his scare of the previous day, and *Ethelwynn's* skipper was thus rid of her landlubberly owner. In consequence *Ethelwynn* crossed the mark carrying full sail, while *Spruce* had in one reef. On the wind *Ethelwynn* footed faster and held on better and gained 2 min. 15 sec. in the two-mile beat. Off the wind *Spruce* made up some seconds on each leg, but *Ethelwynn* held her lead through the second round, and won by 1 min. 10 sec., after a fine race.

Though the score now stood two and two, it was almost a foregone conclusion *Ethelwynn* would take the final race. *Spruce* won the toss for choice of course and selected the triangle again, giving the most reaching, but *Ethelwynn* gained consistently throughout the race, and finished with a long lead, beating *Spruce* 10 min. 45 sec., and thus winning the International Trophy.

Mr. Brand made two protests during the series, neither of which was sustained. Immediately after the result was known the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club received a challenge for a race next year from the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal, in behalf of G. Herrick Duggan; it is also understood that Mr. Brand desires to race again next year in a new boat.

THE SEVEN DAYS' SAILING AFFORDED a far more thorough test of model than is ever the case in the largest class, and the result has been entirely on the side of the American boat. Her form is easier in a sea and faster through the water, carrying sail better with far less weight. Her centre plate is better placed than that of *Spruce*, and there is a far better balance of hull and sails. The differences of rig are even greater than those of hull, and quite as much in favor of the American craft. Her single pole mast and leg-o'-mutton sail, with a small jib, are light, simple to manage, and most effective to windward. The rig of *Spruce* consists of a very fine mast of male bamboo, with a long yard of the same wood, the latter hoisting with two halyards, but the yard is never held snugly up to the mast, the sail does not set well, and there is a serious loss in the weight, windage, and complication of the whole rig. While I firmly believe in the encouragement of small-yacht racing, and have therefore been pleased with the interest in these half-raters, I am nevertheless of the opinion these are too small, and that henceforth the one-rater, or better, one-and-a-half-rater, would be much more practicable and of more lasting benefit. These half-raters are simply canoes. Craft of 20 feet l.w.l. are small enough, and 25 feet l.w.l. would be a much better size.

THE LENOX GOLF TOURNAMENT was successful in every way. The ladies' handicap was played over half the full course, Miss Winifred Ives and Miss Leila Sloane giving handicaps of from eight to fifteen points to the others; and despite the large concessions, Miss Sloane winning by remarkably steady play in the good score of sixty-five.

The caddie match—by-the-way, a good feature of any tournament—was played on the same day, and won by Richard Mackey (nine holes in fifty-nine). This lad is a future golfer if he fulfils his promise. The form shown by a few of these youngsters is A1, and some of the brassy shots made were one hundred and fifty yards. The Lenox caddies appear to be especially diminutive, but they can show many a six-foot duffer how to hit the ball.

The links at Lenox during the last year has been so much improved that averages of four or five strokes to a hole are far from uncommon; and though the club boasts no member who has much outside reputation, the individual games have been growing better. The putting-greens are in fine condition, and there are hazards and bunkers in plenty; wire screens like sheep-hurdles have been thrown across the course in several places, and proved great ball-traps.

The handicap (medal play) for the cup offered by Mr. Howland Robbins drew out the largest number of competitors. They came from the Essex Club, from Lakewood, from Albany, St. Andrews, and Newport. Mr. Fenn (scratch), the winner, has been golfing only a year, and is one of those players who appear to refute the generally accepted idea that "form" is everything; for he plays with a half-swing of tremendous power, and gains distance and direction in a way that is marvellous. On the green he was accurate with the iron, and putted surely to the last, winning by one stroke in ninety-one.

It was the fortune of those that followed the final Kane Cup match between Messrs. May and Phifer to witness most exciting golf, and the best playing, bar none, of the tournament. The result proves that the art of putting must be cultivated before a player can rank his fellows. Rarely has better putting been seen than that done by Mr. Phifer, who afterwards won the putting contest. Four times he pulled victory out of defeat by his clever work on the green, and once drew his ball into the hole when apparently stymied.

ON THE ST. ANDREW'S LINKS the quality of last week's play exceeded any previous work of this season. There were no reversals of Newport results because of the absence of Messrs. C. E. Sands, Rogers, Amory, and Rutherford, but Stoddart was in better form than he had been in the championship event, and W. H. Sands, Trevor, Shaw, and De Garmendia revealed the strongest play of their careers. Besides which, J. C. Ten Eyck, W. R. Innis, and R. B. Kerr showed more skilful golf than they had been thought capable of. Sands's record for the week was most notable; he beat Shaw 1 up after an exciting match of 20 holes; and with his opponent 5 up at the ninth hole, beat Trevor by 2 up and 1 to play; Reid, 3 up and 2 to play; Ten Eyck, 2 up and 1 to play; and finally lost the Brown and the St. Andrew's cups, valued at $700, to L. B. Stoddart, who made the round in 87 (one strike behind the amateur record for this links) to Sands's 90. Probably the surprises of the tournament were the strong games put up by Innis against Stoddart, who beat him 3 up and 2 to play; and by Ten Eyck, who made a 220-yard drive in the match, and the best of the week, against Sands. The President's Cup, open only to two-year-old players, was won by Sands with a score of 92, but the most praiseworthy performance for this trophy was that of De Garmendia, who made the "Dell" hole in 5, tied Livermore for second place with 94, and in the play-off beat him by 98 to 102. Certainly the American golfer is rapidly coming to the front. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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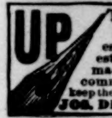

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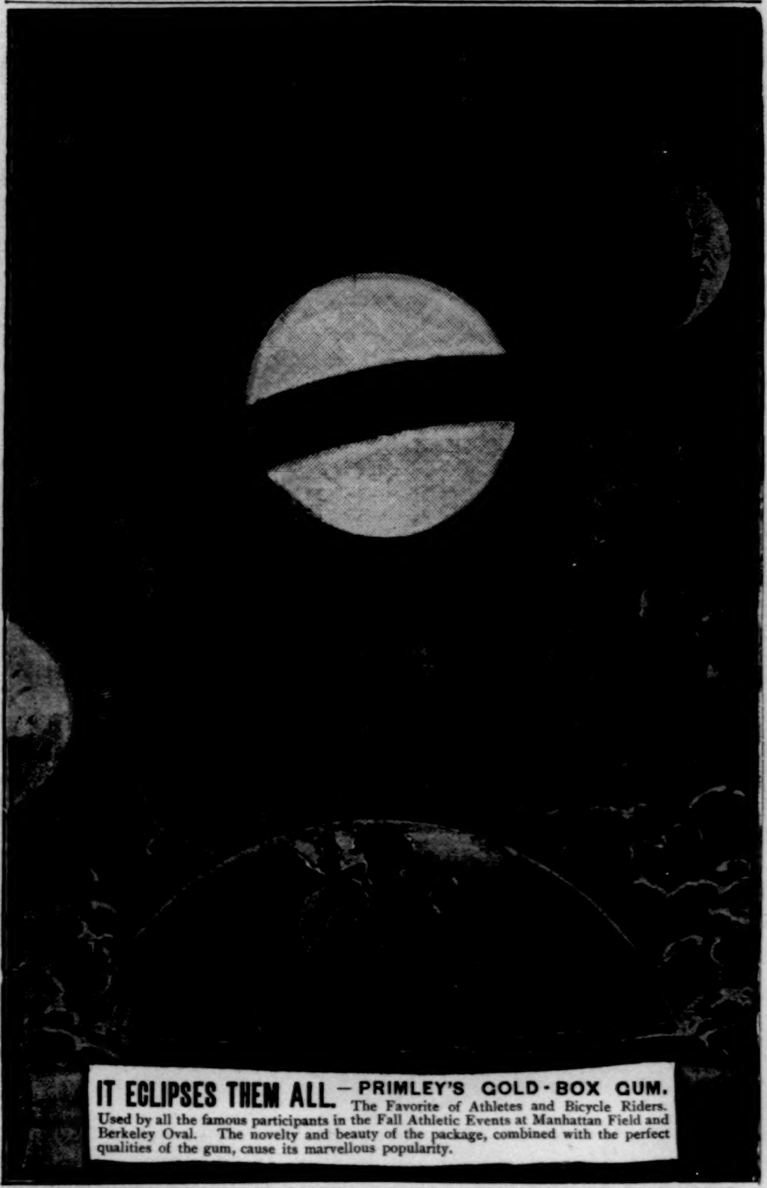

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